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**H&E**

**MONTHLY**

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*We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to the mill.*

*We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.*

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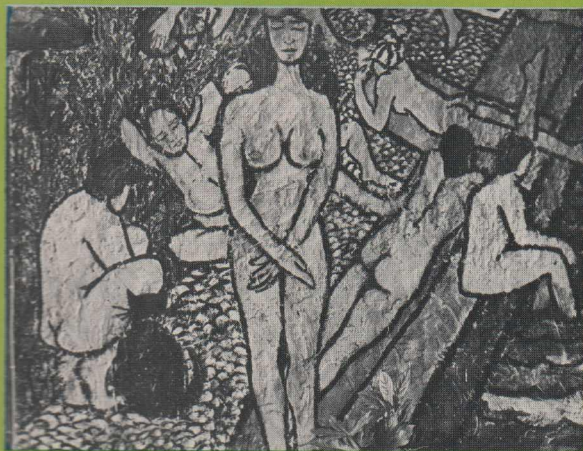
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### EDITORIAL

## STRIKE BACK HARD

Last summer we lost a free beach. It was at Gailes near Irvine in Scotland. Why? Because the beach was invaded by a bunch of tear-aways. They behaved as no naturists could. Complaints started, the councillors took a look and that was that. Why mention it here? Because every free beach in the world can suffer similar damage. In the past there have been difficulties because homosexuals have used our beaches in a manner which outraged local citizens. Other free beaches have suffered, not least the one used by the Victoria sunbathers. What can we do about it? A lead has been given by Charlotte Peters who has gone to immense trouble to convince the council the naturists were not to blame. Another approach has been successfully used by Bill Holesworth of the Victoria Sun Beach Club. He asked the Police to do something about the yobbos who were disturbing them at Cleethorpes. I like Bill's approach best because he strikes before the trouble starts. I hope that other groups will follow his example and complain first to the invaders and if that doesn't work, to the Police.

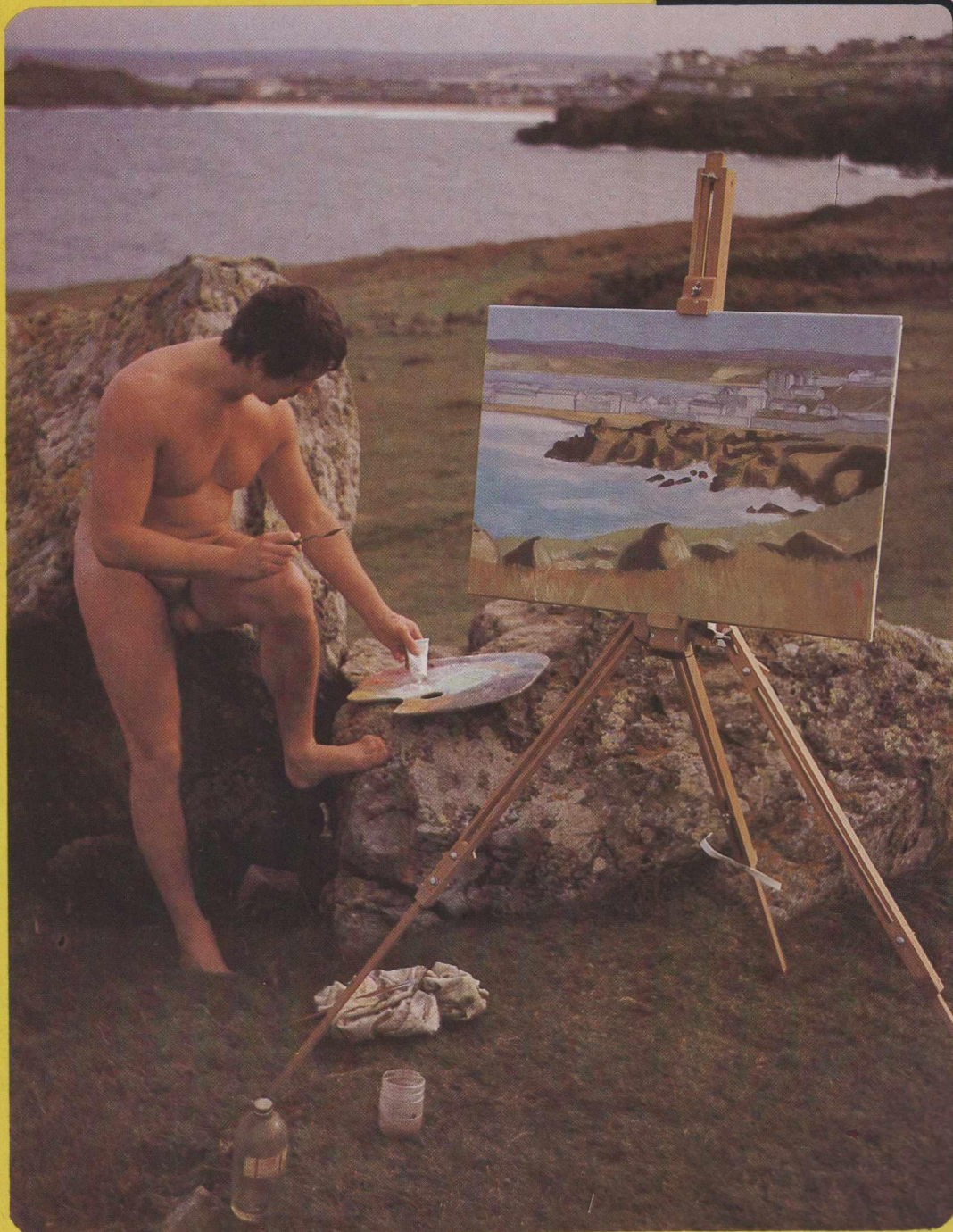
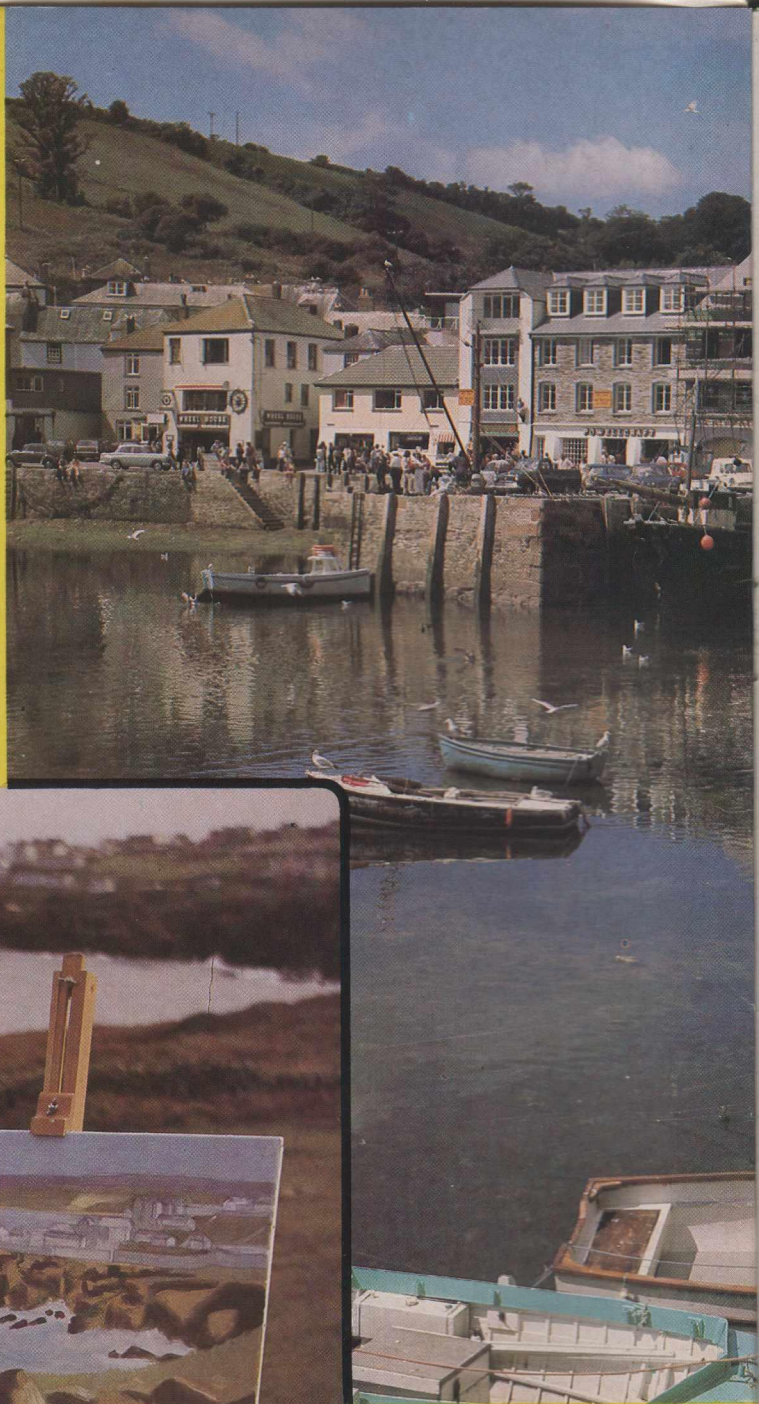


## Next Month GORGHETTA

We revisit gorgeous Gorghetta that naturist holiday resort high in the hills behind Nice in France. If you want to get away from it all yet have the Mediterranean only a short drive away this is the place for you. Also for your entertainment, Phil Vallack on free beaches here and on the Continent, and Fritz Munter at his best on that never ending topic—hair. Oh, we nearly forgot, we are off to Australia with a sunny essay and colour pics to cheer up your winter.

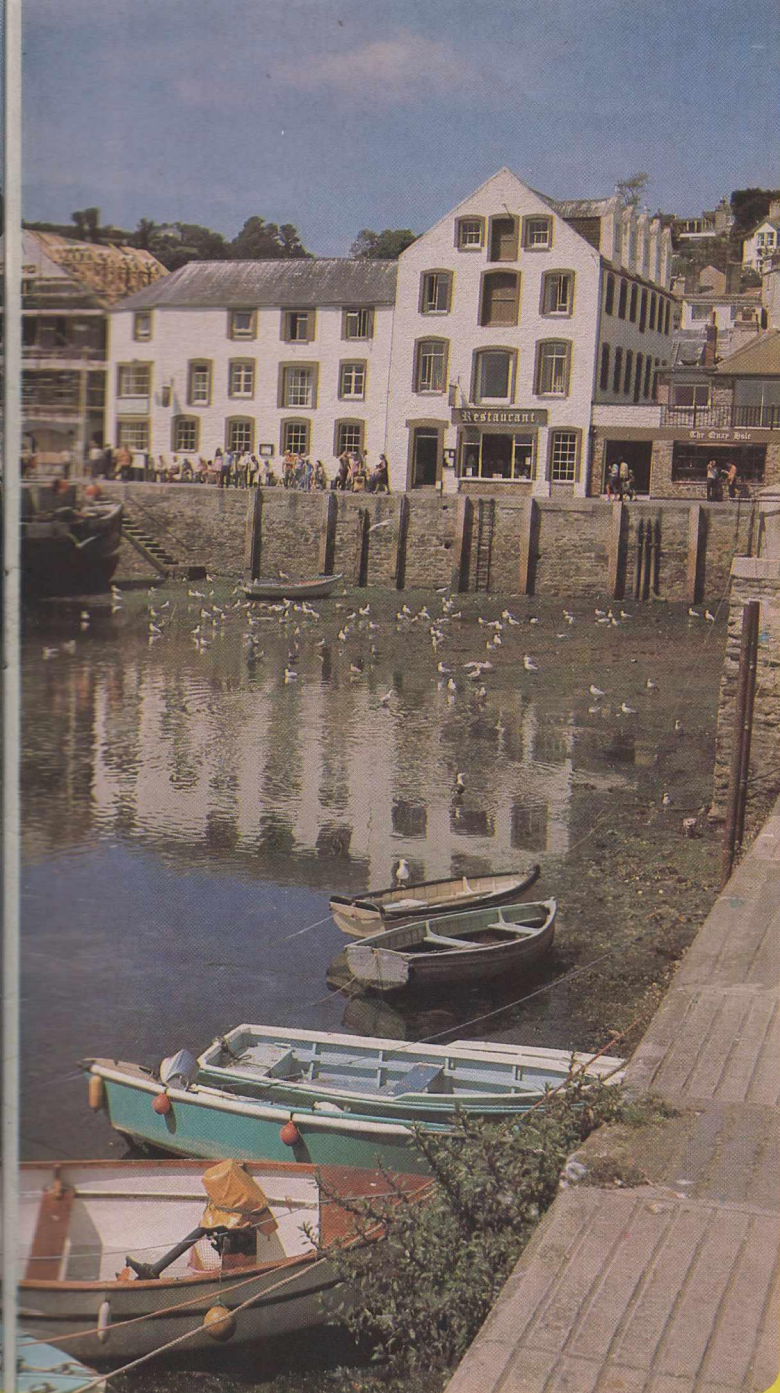


# **PAIN THE WORLD NUDE**



Sunbathing is fun. But to sunbathe and do nothing else becomes boring. Sports are fine for the young but even they get sick of a continuous diet of volleyball. Here Roger Clive Kemp who is lucky enough to live in the 'painters' country' of Cornwall recommends painting. He knows what he is talking about and as you read this perhaps some of his enthusiasm will pass to you.





ON a recent trip to America I was invited to an art exhibition where all the exhibitors were naturists. It was held in the beach-side home of one of them, and it created a great deal of interest amongst members of the local community. The standard of paintings was fairly high, but what was more important was the fact that this group of people were actually showing something they did partly when the sun shone, and partly when it didn't.

In other words, when the weather was fine they would take their easels and brushes and palettes with them, and they'd sit in the sunshine capturing the landscapes in front of them. Or they'd take their own still life arrangements and paint those.

When the weather wasn't nice and they had to stay indoors then they continued their unfinished work, or they improved on what they had done.

St. Ives in Cornwall, where I

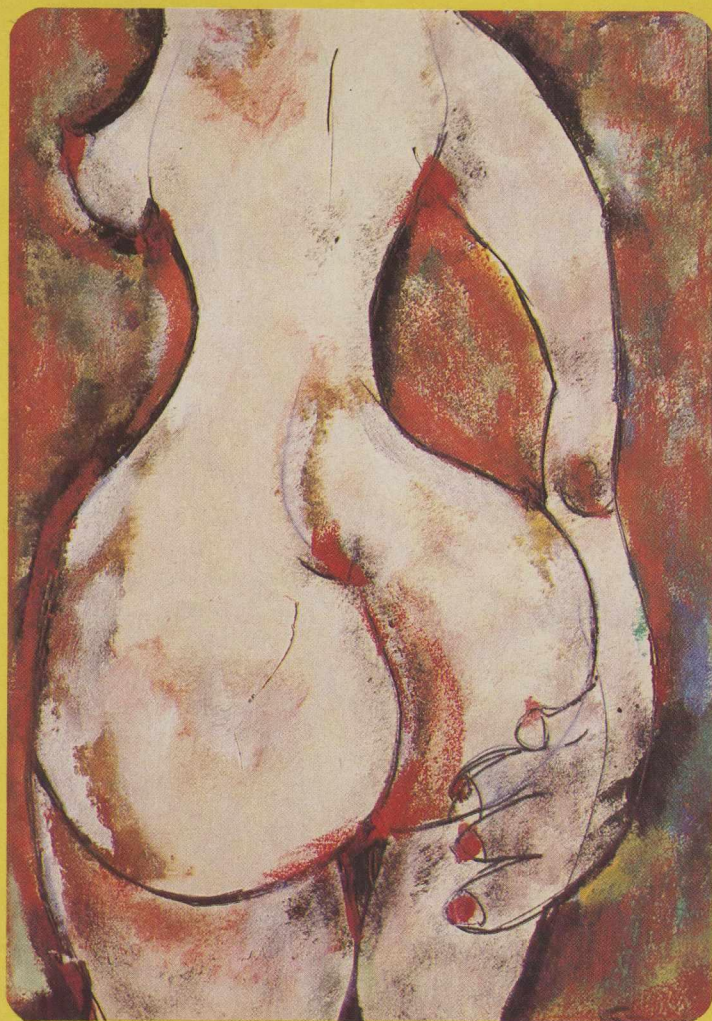
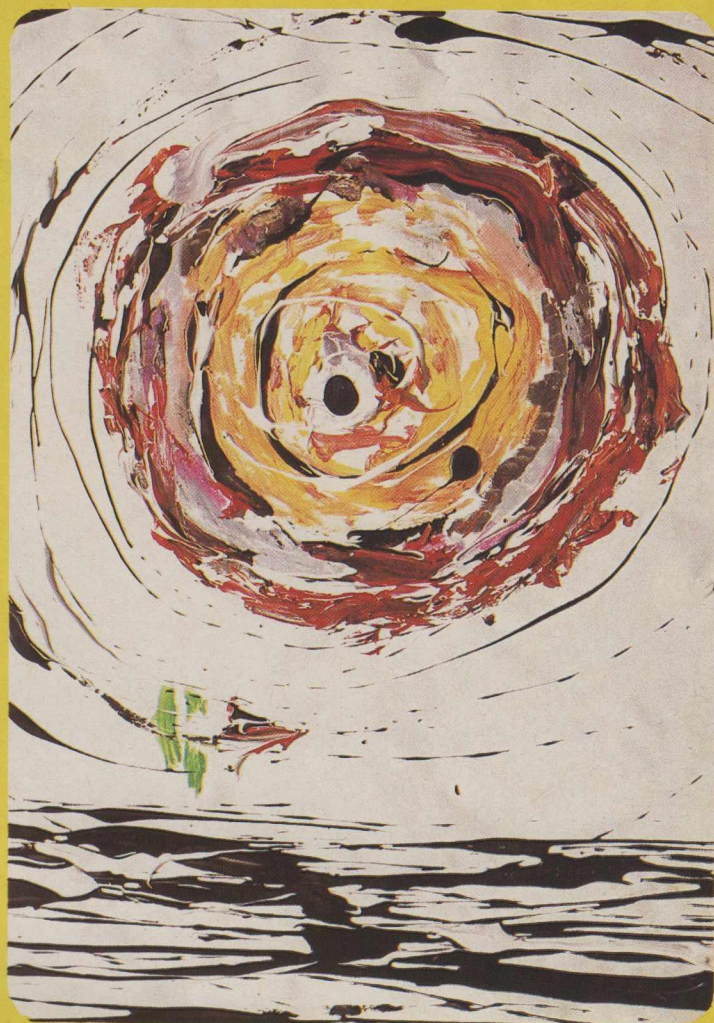
live, has been famous for its artists for nearly a century, and now more and more French, German, Dutch and Italian holiday-makers are spending two, three or four weeks here.

An increasing number of them are naturists, lured by pictures they have seen of the beautiful beaches and coves, and the rugged coastline, and the scrubby fields adjacent to so many of the county's farms.

Unfortunately, several councils in Cornwall have recently gone as far as banning nude sunbathing and bathing on the secluded beaches under their jurisdiction.

Many of these foreign visitors actually sought out Bellair Cottage, where I live, and told me how disappointed they were about this recent hardening of attitude.

'Yet we love it here—because it has so much to offer, and we don't want to have to go away to another part of the British Isles where attitudes might be more





understanding. So what do you suggest we do?"

"Why not spend time painting?" I suggested.

Some of my foreign visitors were amazed, others seemed quite interested.

"Get some paints, and some brushes, and an easel or a board of some kind, and instead of trying to find secluded coves where you still might be discovered naked—and prosecuted, go into the hills and the fields, and paint what you see in front of you."

"You'll get all the sun you want when the sun shines—and when it doesn't and you're forced to stay in your hotels, guest houses or self-catering establishments take out your painting things and continue where you left off."

Easier said than done, perhaps?

As a young man I was trained as an art teacher, and I always believe in actions rather than words.

So I offered to accompany a group of naturists from Lugano in Switzerland, from Hamburg and Aachen in Germany, and from Dijon in France, and we went to one of the local art dealers and bought enough basic material to start with.

### What to buy

Two of the group only wanted to work in water colours, so it was very easy to get them kitted out. They bought blocks of cartridge paper and sets of water colours, and a selection of paintbrushes.

For the rest, it was more complicated and more expensive.

Ignoring sets of students' oil painting outfits, because they are too expensive, they bought large

tubes of flake white paint, and smaller tubes of the primary colours—red, blue and yellow. And black and brown.

They bought a pair of containers to put turps and linseed oil in; and a block of special greaseproof-type paper to use as a tearsheet palette; and several paintbrushes, a palette knife, and some sticks of charcoal.

All these were in students' quality rather than artists' quality because the latter is so much more expensive.

To actually paint on, they bought Daler boards, although one did feel confident enough to buy a stretched canvas.

And after making certain there was a fine selection of rags from my cottage we set off.

The weather was beautiful, and we drove about three miles inland where there were plenty of unoccupied tracts of public ground, which afforded us fantastic views.

Then we spread out blankets, stripped off, and I showed all the others how to sketch roughly in charcoal, and then how to put the paint on, with either the brush or the palette knife.

I proceeded to do my own painting, and the others were able to come to me for advice whenever they needed help.

We broke for coffee, and for

the picnic lunch we had all contributed to.

And we had an ideal day, the first of many, in fact.

No one came to hassle us; those people who did pass by didn't seem to take any notice of us.

When the weather became summer dismal, or it rained, then no one was disappointed.

What had been started in the sunshine was easily continued in the hotel, guest house and self-catering bedrooms and lounges. When the mouths of so many of the other holiday-makers were down none of ours were—because we had some purpose staying in.

To begin with, most of the foreign naturists who had come to visit me were quite pleased to do landscapes and still lifes; but eventually several of them asked whether it would be possible to try portraiture or life drawing.

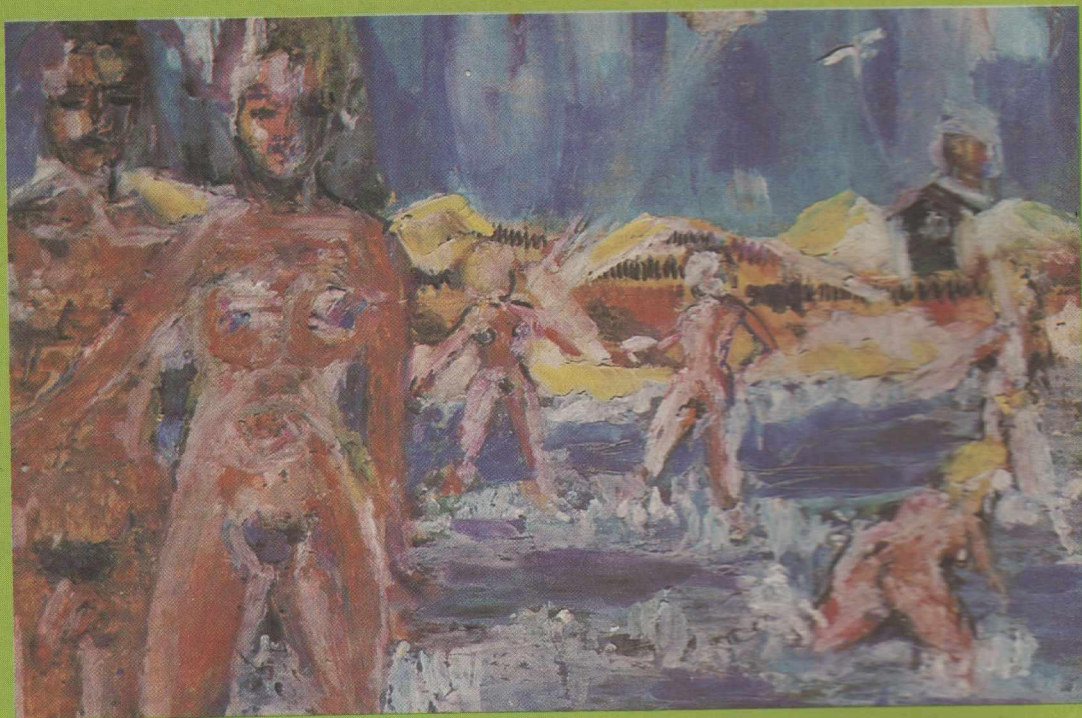
At these two I am not very good. My likenesses have never been anything to write home about.

So I enlisted the help of an artist I know in St. Ives who was quite willing to teach them for a modest fee, and he gave tuition when the weather was dull and all the group, and following groups of naturists, was forced to stay indoors.

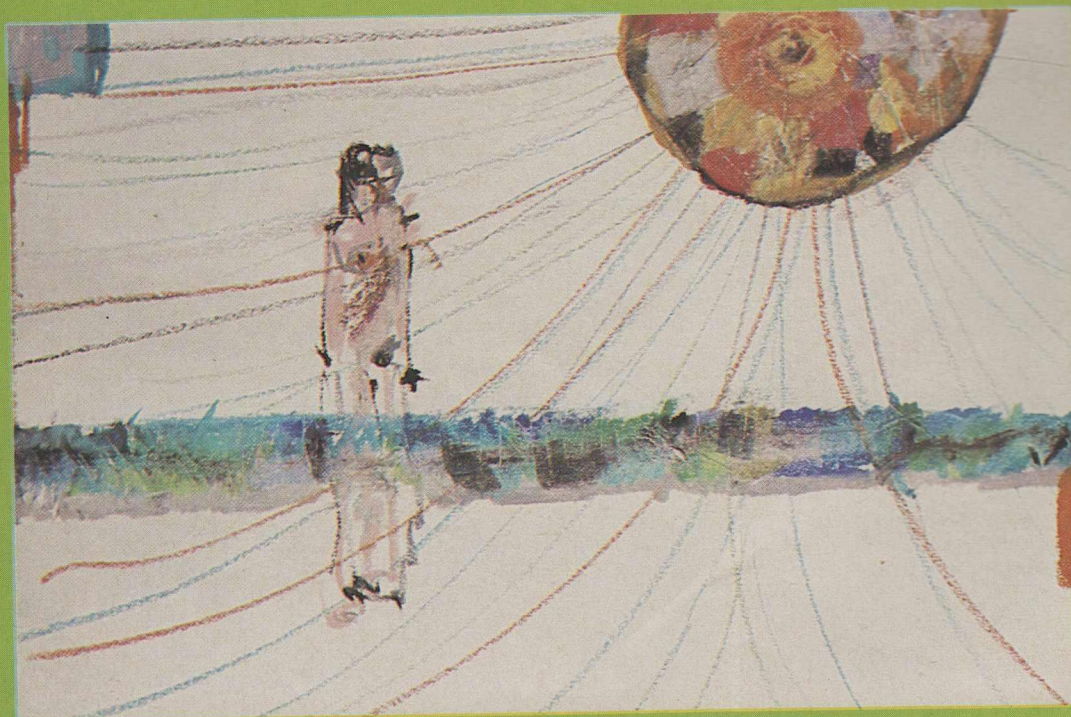
### Exhibition

By that, we all went down to his studio which was large enough to accommodate everyone.

Later, I was to discover that there are a lot of artists, potters and art enthusiasts who are willing to teach how to paint and pot; and although they won't join the outdoor naturist expeditions they



This artist worked in oil pastels to produce this impression of a Montalivet seaside scene. Oil pastels are an easy beginners' medium.



This time an impression of the sun, its warmth and a tiny ribbon of sea.



give classes when the weather is dull.

St. Ives is a wonderful haven for artists. You can learn pottery, oil painting, collage, and all sorts of arts and crafts. You can choose between large, informal and inexpensive classes, or the best of private tuition.

Well-known local people are always pleased to help painters with their artistic problems and the nearby art schools and art societies welcome visitors to the county.

So for those who want to combine naturist holidays with arts and crafts holidays, many parts of Cornwall, particularly the St. Ives area, are recommended.

There are still beaches which are secluded enough for naturists to use; but many that weren't so accessible to the general public, are now more or less forbidden.

But there are plenty of beautiful fields, some have streams running through them, and areas of common land where no one seems to take any notice of a bunch of people painting with no clothes on.

Perhaps it's because they look as if they're doing something which makes them more acceptable to members of the general public who might otherwise object?

Several of my visiting naturist friends completed some rather commendable pictures, and there are three picture framers in St. Ives where I directed them to—Watson and Jones in the High Street, James Lanham's in Tregenna Place, and The Framer's Gallery in St. Andrew's Street.

Framing took about a week, but some of the frames really finished off the sunshine paintings which had, on occasion, been completed when the sun didn't shine.

Because all the foreign naturists enjoyed painting, and many of them were rank beginners (so did several of my British naturist friends), I've decided that in another year I'll hold an exhibition of paintings done by naturists on holiday.

I know now it will cause as great a surprise amongst the local community here in St. Ives as the American exhibition did in its own location. It made a number of converts to naturism in the small Californian town where it was presented; just as a St. Ives-inspired one will soften the hearts of some of those who have complained about naturists using their beaches.



Here is a picture for you to paint. Taken in Germany it has a wonderful sense of space and light. Can you capture that?



Figurative artist at Agde displays his 'decorative pattern' works.



# SERIGNAN:

## Small and Sweet



Our author/photographer snatches a quick beer.



Visitor takes it easy in front of their secluded camping corner.



Picture shows the outdoor restaurant of the textile site.

We are spreading our tentacles far and wide. Not only are the giants like Agde all grist to our mill, but the smaller, friendlier resorts. Come along in spirit with our author, Bill Brazier, to the Gymno-club Méditerranéen, situated just outside Serignan Plage. He loved it so much he could hardly bear to leave.

**I**F what you want from a holiday is a good tan and total relaxation, then the place to go must be Gymno-club Méditerranéen, Serignan Plage.

It's a beautifully laid-out site, with many caravans fixed in permanent positions between tree-lined avenues and gardens. The centre-piece is a delightful Grecian-style building which houses a well-stocked self-service shop, a bar, restaurant and disco.

The food is varied and good in the restaurant, and also at a price that will not break you. 28Fr. including wine pays for three delicious courses. To sit inside in the cool, or outside, on the marble-flagged courtyard with the sun on your back, eating or enjoying an unhurried drink, is a lovely way to relax. And every evening, is a dance or disco for anyone wishing to go.

Yet during my entire stay, what impressed itself most upon me was the friendliness of both the staff and the other holiday-makers. I felt the warmth of their welcome very strongly. And if, like me, you do not speak French, everyone will always help as much as they can.

The target for many of us on holiday must be—the beach. From the furthest extremity of Gymno-club Méditerranéen, the beach is no more than four or five hundred metres. The approach is over a bank of small sand-dunes which seem to stretch entirely down the coast. And that sand is hot! Don't try and walk on it with bare feet, take some sandals.

The beach is long, wide and clean, with enough room for all. Further on, there are textile beaches. What do the textiles think when they see the naturists?

Let's put it this way, we saw several trunks and bikinis being discarded for the freedom and pleasure of the altogether.

For the adventurous, there is wind-surfing; you can hire the boards on the beach. If you prefer comfort, you can hire pedaloes, and cruise up and down the shore. Watch out for the skin-divers! They too, can hire their snorkels, tanks and wet-suits. Games courts are set up on the beach (and more are in front of the restaurant).

Other facilities on the site are a small tobacconist's shop (which also sells blocks of ice for cool-boxes) electricity throughout the site and plenty of water-taps. Toilet and shower-blocks are tiled and kept clean, but are inclined to run out of hot water as the day wears on. A mobile bank visits the site every weekday.

If you feel like a change of scenery, you don't have to go far. A twin textile camping site is just next door, and you are free to go to their indoor-heated pool, or use their tennis courts. Horse riding is available and, for the English who pine after traditional beer—'Le Pub'! The staff are English and will tell you anything you need to know. And, of course, the textile site has its own outdoor restaurant, offering a wide selection of dishes at 30Fr. per head.

A meal out is sometimes a luxury if you're camping, but shopping for food can be fun. Serignan has a food market and the fish market at nearby Valras Plage offers every sea-food imaginable, with the possible exception of cod! I can particularly recommend the mackerel. The town is delightful and has open-air markets where you barter and bargain for goods spread out on





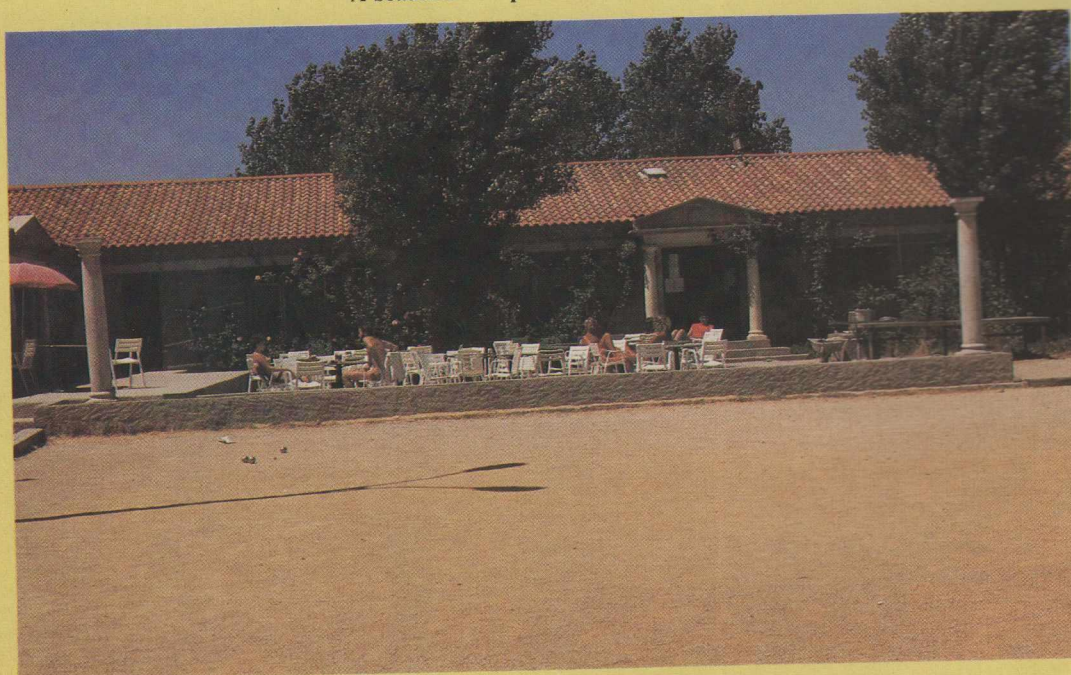




Happy group of friends on the beach.



A beautiful sweep of beach at Serignan.



The restaurant at Gymno-club Mediteraneen.



the pavement. Food-stalls are set all the way down the promenade, offering local wines and pastries. What's more, you can try them before buying!

We also went shopping in Mammouth, the huge super-store at Béziers. Here you can buy everything and anything, and if you run out of money, a bank is available on the spot! Béziers is a beautiful Spanish-looking town, famous for its wines, its cathedral, its Feria every August—and its rugby team!

Within twenty kilometres of Serignan Plage is Agde. I know a lot of people who will only go to Agde—it's their loss if they have never visited Serignan. I found Agde over commercialised and cold—not the weather, but the atmosphere. An image remains of concrete and being over-charged everywhere. Perhaps a compromise would be to visit Agde in the evening, for one stupendous night out in the discos and clubs.

Around and about are so many non-naturist places of interest to see, that it's hard to choose. Within easy reach, are six of the most inspiring grottoes. I visited the Grotto de Clamouse which is to be found in the side of a mountain from which cascades of silver water leap, to form rapids which stream down the deep, rocky valley. A most impressive sight! When you enter the mountain, you come face to face with the more secret wonders of nature.

Other caves include the Aven





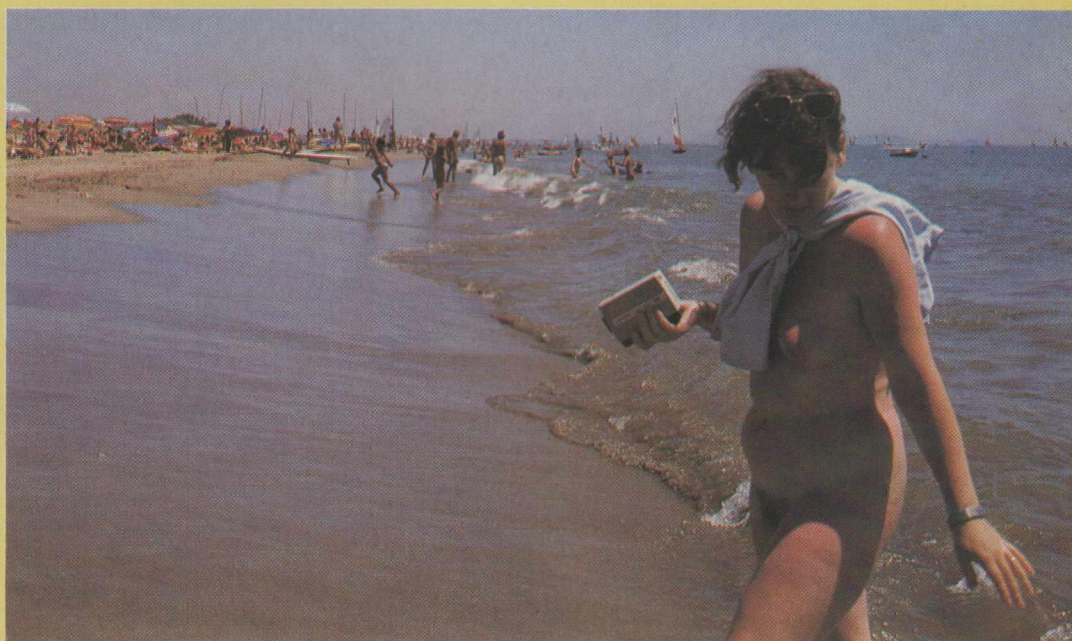
The club even has its own fire-engine.

Marzal, Aven d'Ornac, Grotte de la Cocaliere, l'Aven Armond and the Grotte des Demoiselles. Also within a short drive, is the Reserve Africaine de Signean. This safari park is a great attraction for children. Details of all these places are available at the reception desk at Serignan.

How do you find the Gymno-club Méditerranéen? Drive to the small town of Serignan, south of Béziers, then follow the road sign-posted Serignan Plage. Keep looking for the sign on the right, saying Gymno-club Méditerranéen. I must say that I think, whether you come on your own or with Freeway Travel, as English readers can, you do need your own transport to explore the wealth of beauty and interest in the area.

Allow yourself plenty of time at Serignan. The sun-drenched beach and easy living in the company of the most amiable, friendly people you could wish to meet, is hard to leave when the time comes. When your own hour approaches, either go before anyone else is up, or be prepared for emotional goodbyes. It took over two hours for us to make our farewells to the many friends of all nationalities that we made there. Of course, we promised to return the following year.

From the lads and lassies who work in the shops, to Monsieur Christian, the president of the club and his delightful wife, you can be sure of a welcome at Serignan.



Venus with sun-burnt shoulders rises from the sea.



The beach is for wind-surfers—and families.

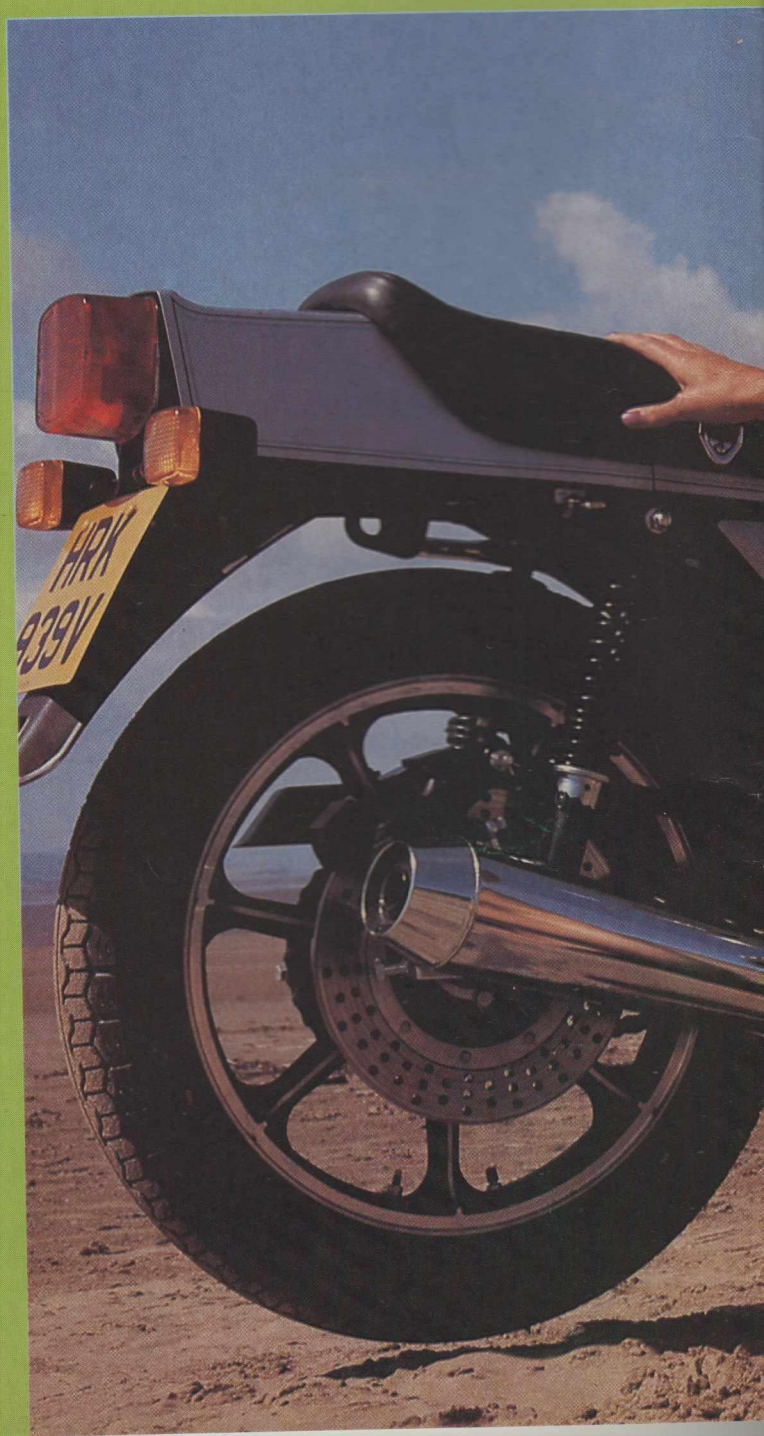


# POWER FOR THE FUTURE

It all started with a book called 'Zen and the Art of Motor-cycle Maintenance'. That was when people realised you could apply Zen principles to everything in modern life.

However, we should warn you, Zen is a funny thing. If you ask 'But what are Zen principles?' you get answers along the lines of 'If you need to ask, you'll never know the answer'.

Well, we just like motor-bikes!





**T**HERE'S a great movement afoot among naturists at the moment towards 'the natural life'.

We must all give up smoking and even alcohol, eat naturally-grown foods (women must stop feeding their families with foods that have chemicals in them), save fuel for the sake of the economy, wear clothes made from natural fibres only and take plenty of exercise.

Now, there's a great deal of wisdom in this. Generally speaking, such a life-style does enable people to grasp a certain amount of happiness, as well as giving them a feeling of being in tune with nature.

But aren't machines, in a sense, part of nature? After all, it is by applying natural principles and laws that we learnt to smelt metal. It was by studying how substances behaved in the natural world, in accordance with physical laws, that we learnt how to







build engines and use them to extract power from fuels—found, naturally, under the earth's surface as part of its bounty.

Not only that, to adopt a philosophy, and a way of life that suits yourself, is one thing. To try to force it on other people is a different matter.

We know that many of our young readers love their cars, their motor-bikes, their hi-fi systems and their way of life that to us may appear mechanical.

While electronic music blasting through a naturist site at midnight may be anathema to some of us, we must remember that others enjoy it. And before we condemn, it's a good idea to look closer at the things others hold dear. Often then, the door to understanding suddenly opens. That, after all, is the truly tolerant way.

Have a look at the machine featured on these picture pages. It is a beautiful creation. It is a Japanese bike, a Kawasaki Z1000. (It costs over £2,000 to buy, but we won't go into that! We're considering the abstract beauty of the machine.)

This bike is the latest in what the bike enthusiasts call 'a line of one litre rocket-ships'. Brilliantly designed in 1973, its engine is a double overhead cam four-cylinder model of 1,015 cc capacity.

There's five gears on this machine. Its top speed is 130 mph. It can travel a quarter of a mile, from a standing start, in 12.1 seconds, reaching a speed of

106 mph in that time. Amazingly, it's still only in third gear!

Come to stop, and the bike has disc brakes specially designed to stop instantly in the wet, a recent innovation which vastly improves motor-bike safety, and solves one of the more important biking problems that have been dogging manufacturers for some time.

The most recent models of the Kawasaki Z1000 have electronic fuel ignition. This delivers precise amounts of fuel into the engine at precise times, certainly more accurately than a carburettor ever can, so giving smoother acceleration, smoother riding and far less vibration, reducing engine and body wear.

Altogether, this modern machine, powerful, reliable, is beautiful to look at. But also, the design of the bike fits its purpose intimately.

For the Kawasaki Z1000 is designed as a touring bike, for covering long distances fast and safely. It is not a trial bike, nor one designed to be nimble enough to negotiate narrow or rough tracks.

In other words, you're not supposed to take it on the beach!

But our photographer thought the wide, open spaces of the beach suited the character of the bike, designed to conquer the wide open spaces of the future.

What's that? Where does the girl come into all this? Yes, we know she's beautiful too.

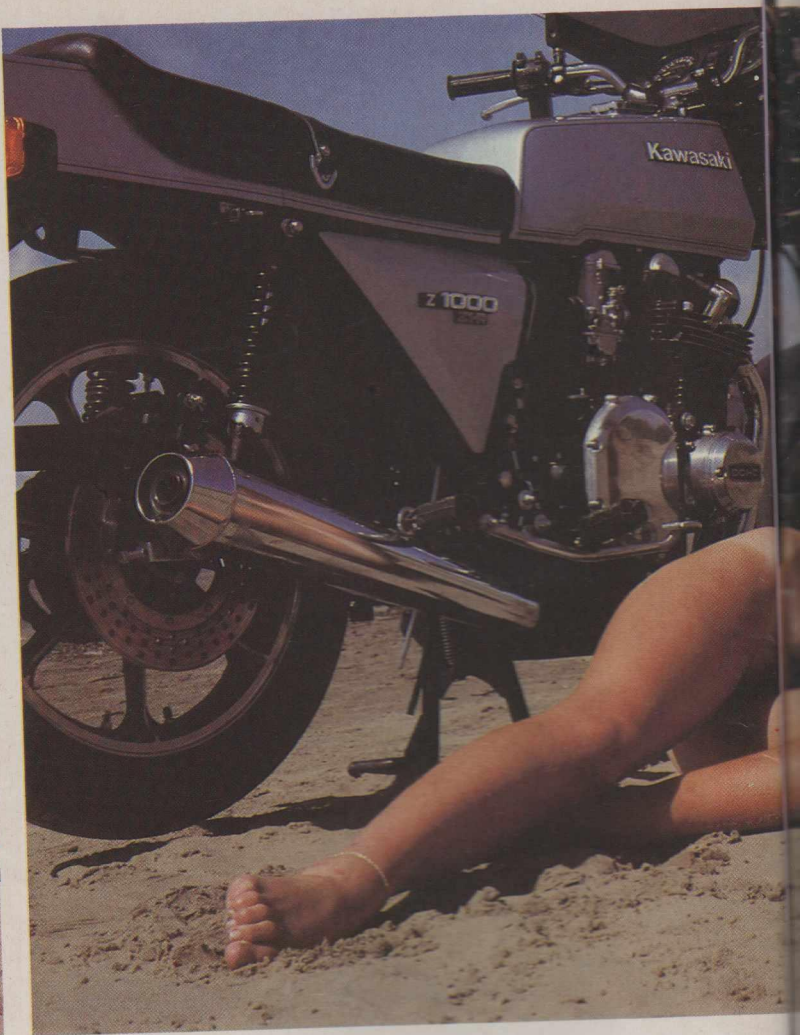
And one day somebody's going to write a book called 'Zen and the Art of Nude Modelling'.



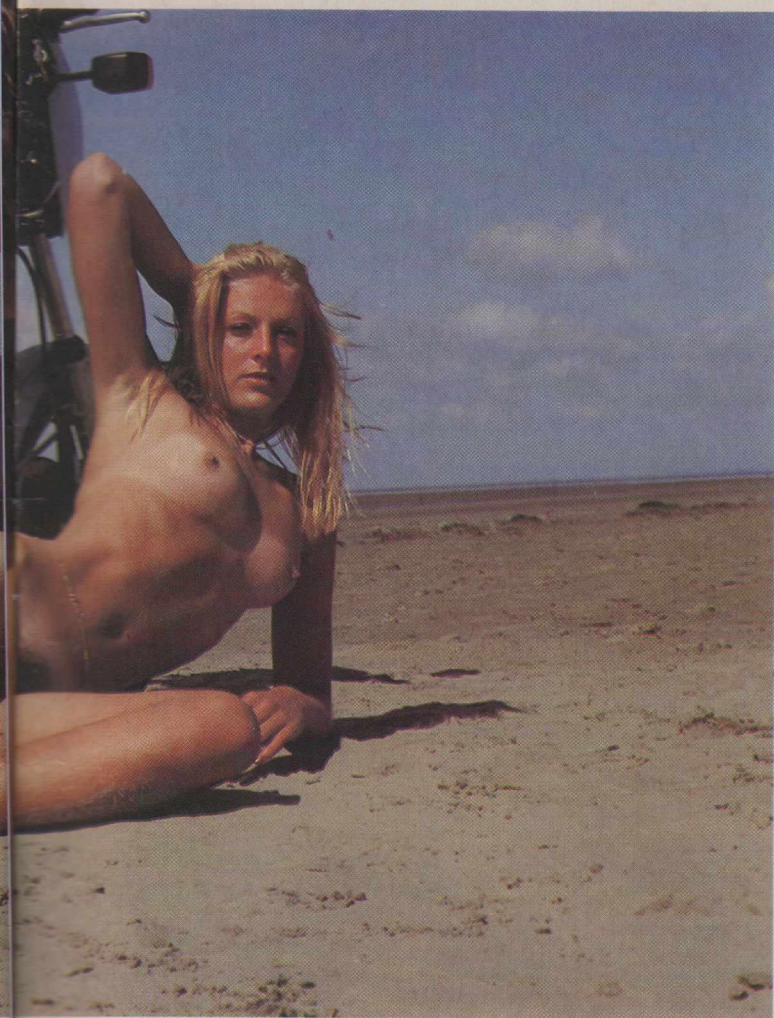














A party of H. & E. readers gathered at the Albatros Hotel at Plava Zelina near Porec, Yugoslavia, last summer. Here, Lance Ridgeway describes what they found and enjoyed at this delightful resort with its attached nudist beach (open to everyone) and nearby nudist holiday resorts. Look at the pictures, then read the article and see what it has to offer.

THEY lay everywhere. All were totally naked. As far as the eye could reach, the red, the white, and the brown, decorated the white rocks just ten minute's walk from our hotel.

'How far does it stretch?' I asked a likely looking fellow who

came swinging towards me. 'How far does what stretch?' he replied, a threatening scowl across his face. 'And anyhow,' he added,



# FLYING

'it's none of your business.' He stomped on.

A silly question really, since the beach seemed to extend its grip day by day. But it was only later I found that out. For this morning was my first visit. This was Plava Zelina, near Porec in Yugoslavia. The hotel I had just left was the Albatros where the H. & E. holiday party lodged. When I started I'd no idea where the nude beach lay. I asked the hotel porter. You've no idea how the voice echoes in that entrance hall. 'Where's the naturist beach?' I asked in a suitably subdued voice. 'The what?' he shouted. You couldn't blame him really, people were milling around making quite a noise. 'You know,' I shouted. 'The nudist beach.'

Perhaps it was my imagination, but just then everyone went quiet. They stopped tramping through the place. They stopped talking. Even the kids stopped bouncing balls off the polished stone floor.





# KNICKER BEACH

'Ah,' he said, 'Yes, ah. . . . I waited. 'That way,' he said hurriedly, waving his hand towards the auto-camp. 'That way.' Then he vanished.

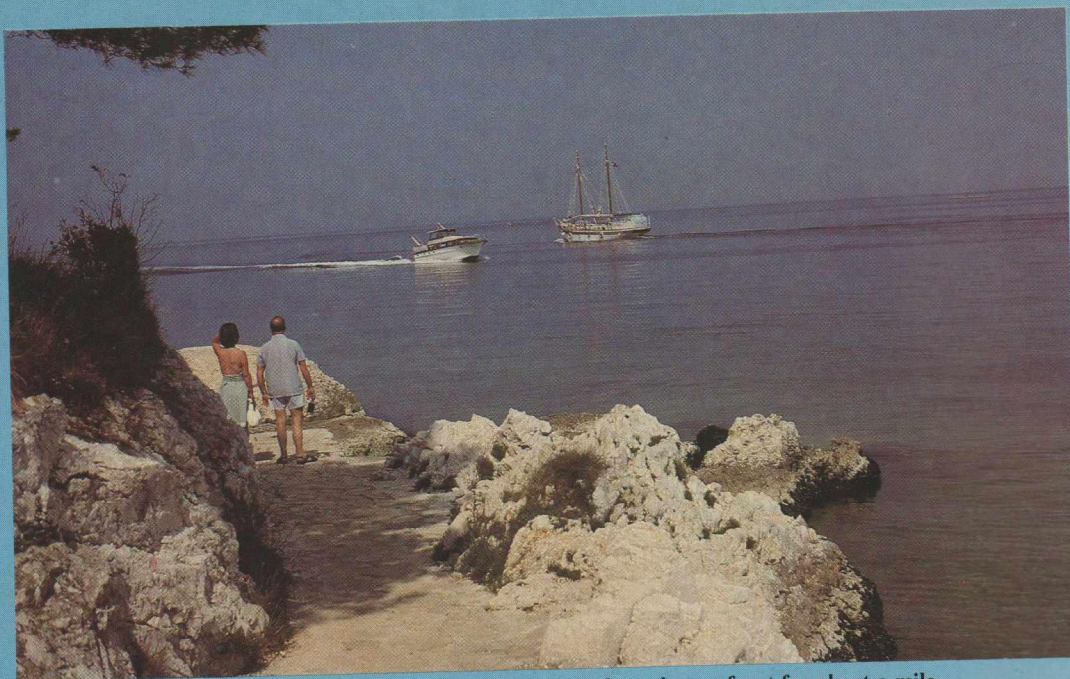
So leaving the hotel I turned left, walked through the auto-camp and came to the sea. I could see there was no point in turning right. An hotel lay there. So I went left again. Only a few minutes' walk and I saw them. Flying knickers. On top of a stick. Like a flag, the red pants fluttered gayly in the breeze. Then I knew it—I'd arrived.

It happened that this was the start of the nudist beach, only a few minutes from where the H. & E. party stayed. But during our stay the beach gradually approached nearer and nearer the hotel. I'm convinced that one day, not too distant, the nudist area will take over that now occupied by the textiles.

Later I checked in Phil Vallack's book, and sure enough the beach







Delightful walks abound. This one takes you along the sea front for about a mile.



Or if you want to take a tour—go by sea in these romantic ships—one tour is even called FKK.



This is the hotel where we stayed—the Albatros. In front the pool, in the distance the sea.

appeared to have approached the hotels. It was much further away only a year ago.

This beach was to prove so attractive that some members of the H. & E. party didn't want to leave it—even to visit the nearby Koversada. Perhaps they were wise because the beaches along this coast are all so alike, there is little to separate one from another.

### What it's like

But what exactly is this beach like? Firstly, it is rocky. In a few places you will find shingle. Above the rocks lies a flat area and a pathway made by the passing of thousands of nudist feet. Behind that is thick bush. If you continue walking, you will find tracks run through this bush and go on and on. I never found the end. I suspect the path and the beach runs all the way to Funtana—several miles away.

Here and there you can scramble down onto the rocks or the shingle and make yourself comfortable. From there it is but a moment and you are in the delightful waters of the Adriatic Mediterranean.

The water is warm and so clear you can see the green, blue and brown bottom for a long way out. But be warned. The rocks underfoot, even though they are smooth enough, they are uncomfortable on the feet. It is essential to have footwear that can be used in the water. I found the leather soled sandals I had with me ideal. Flimsy rubber things are unsuitable. The sole should be strong because it is possible to stand on a sea urchin and its spikes can go right through flimsy footwear.

And another warning that shouldn't be necessary. Be careful of the sun. One of our party, a cheerful Yorkshireman, got himself painfully burnt on his very first day. Take a good sun-tan oil. And because of the rocks it is best if you have something soft to stretch out on. An air mattress is ideal, and it can be fun in the water as well. Locally they sell a plastic foam affair that can be folded up and slipped into a carrying bag. It costs about £5 and is handy for wrapping your camera in on the way home.

An enterprising Yugoslav has sited a small caravan near the most popular part of the beach. He sells cooled drinks. He has even arranged a number of rustic seats and tables under the trees beside the van. Sit here and watch nudists of every size, shape and nationality, parade before you.

For me, the best part was the swimming. The water was warm enough to let me stay in for most of an hour at a time. And after the exercise the meals back at the





One of the H. & E. party relaxes on the free beach at Zelena.

hotel seemed even more appetising. But if you get bored, there is plenty to do. Plava Zelina is famous for all the sport it provides. You can hire a small sailboat which will take up to four for about 60 dinas an hour. Or for the more adventurous why not try skimming the wave tops on a sea surfer. You can hire those too. They will even teach you how. Too old for that sort of thing? Then why not hire a pedalo

and take the kids for a ride.

Or do you like to walk? Zelina and its close neighbour Laguna is a walker's paradise. Paved paths wander around the coastline. Marvellous views abound. The deep blue sea, the yellow and red flowers, small almost private bays with but one or two swimmers. Or so close it seems you can reach out and touch it, you will see a white painted timber sided sailing vessel gliding silently by.

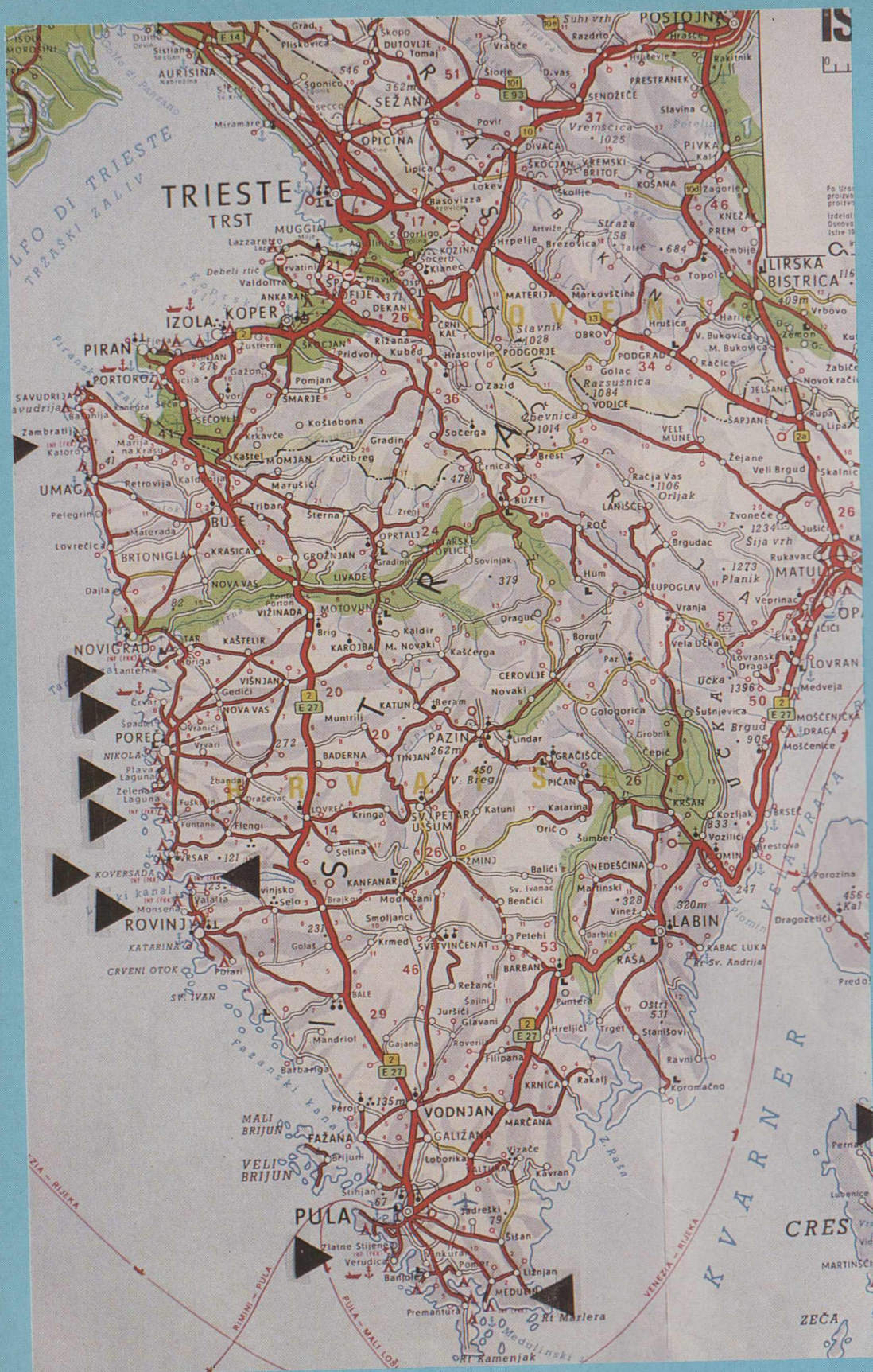
Anybody for tennis? There must be dozens of courts. Or something easier—then try mini-golf or just sit on the terrace sipping a cool drink and watch the bus leaving for the town of Porec only about ten minutes away.

Comes the evening and the character changes. You will probably prefer to eat at your hotel but should you wish you can dine at any of half a dozen seaside

restaurants. But why eat? Just sit there, drink beer or wine and listen to the band.

Or stay at your hotel and wander out onto the complex terrace overlooking the warm swimming pool. Every night the band comes out and the dancing begins. Even the kids try to imitate the grown ups. Overhead a canopy of stars but still the air is pleasantly warm. Such is the politics that you can wander





## NUDIST WONDERLAND

This map is on sale from the various kiosks dotted around the resorts of Laguna. It must be one of the rare official maps to identify naturist resorts. They are shown by the reference in red (INF FKK). We mark them for you. Ask for Istria Autokarte. Incidentally, one of the tourist towns is called Toplice—makes one wonder?

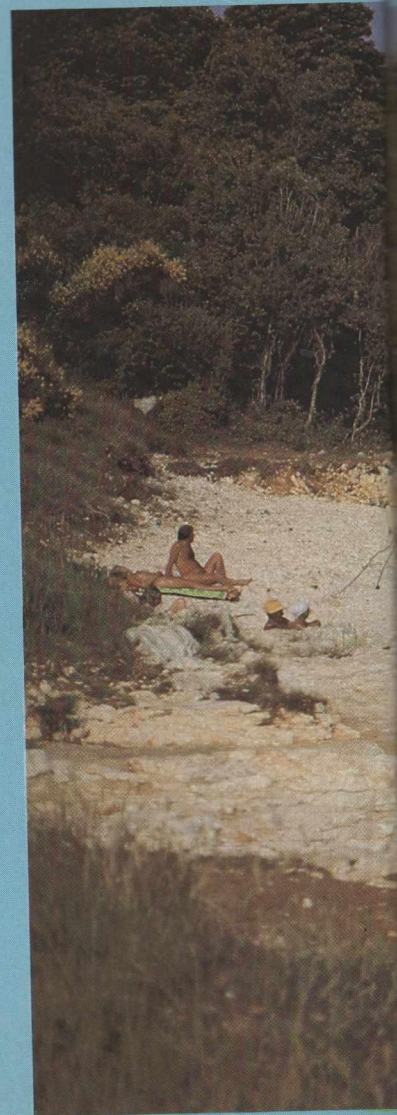
around any of the half dozen or so hotels. You are welcome at all. Here you do a hotel crawl. Try different bands, different crowds, different bars. All are different—from the sedate calm of the superior Parentium to the rollicking bustle of the Delphin. In between other hotels and all set in one beautiful holiday area. From all of them you can see the sea which at night takes on an inky colour.

Here you can buy almost anything. A large supermarket sees to that. Not the least of its attractions is a selection of wonderful Yugoslav wines much cheaper than you can buy them anywhere else in Europe.

Perhaps you like to get around on holiday. Plava Zelina is ideally suited should you want to visit some of the famous nudist resorts nearby. Our H. & E. party were all issued with free passes for Koversada, Ulika and Solaris. But even without the passes you will be allowed into Koversada, the biggest and some would say the most interesting of them all.

### Cheap taxis

Here is where the H. & E. party scored. Car hire is relatively ex-

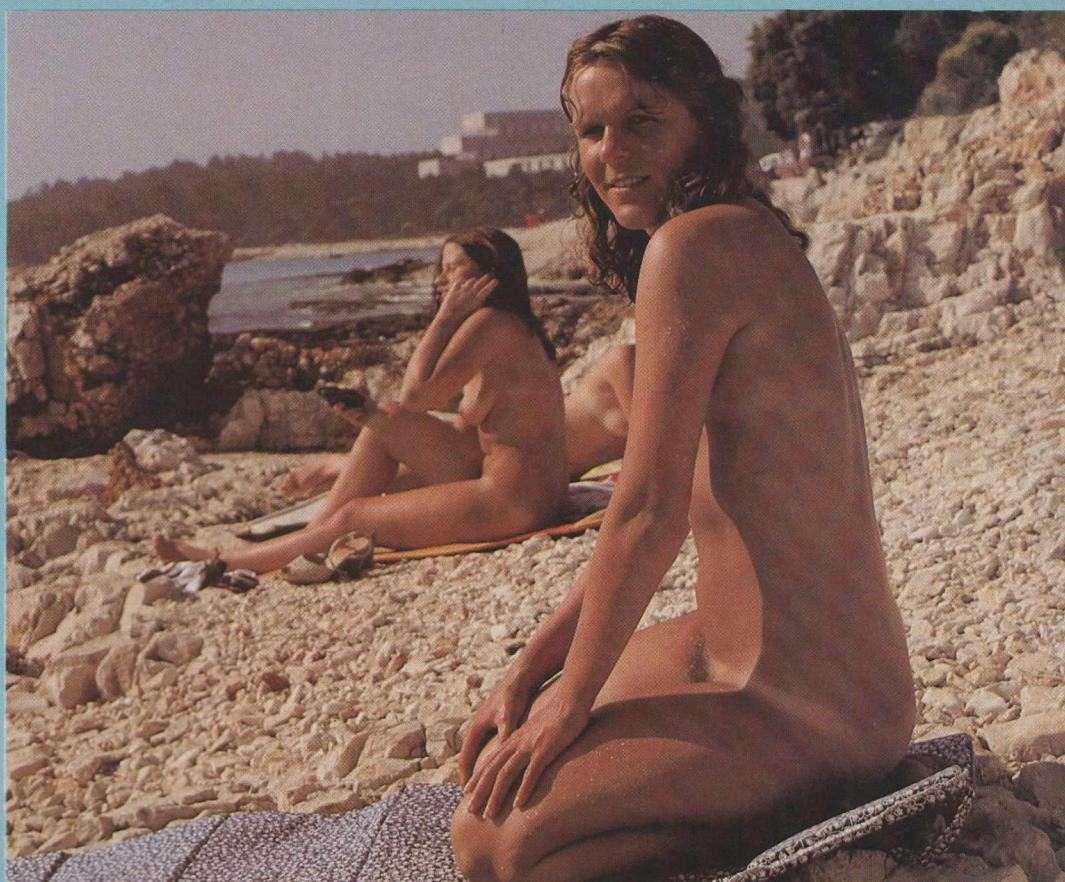




pensive, but not when you can share with friends. But we found the ideal means of transport in the local mini-bus taxis. They take eight people and you share the fare. This way it is possible to reach all the above mentioned nudist resorts and more at very reasonable cost. The mini-bus will even come back for you in the evening.

H. & E. will be sponsoring another holiday this summer. Why not join our H. & E. party? Write to H. & E. Holiday, Peenhill Ltd., Payne House, 23-24 Smithfield Street, London, EC1. However, there is nothing to stop you going on the holiday we have described here, wherever you may live. All our holiday arrangements were made for us by Yugotours of Chesham House, 150 Regent Street, London, W1. They will be running holidays at the Albatros Hotel and various other hotels near the nudist beach here described. There is also an auto-camp situated at Plava Zelina.

At the time of going to press it is difficult for us to let you have details of the cost. Since Yugoslavia devalued in the middle of our holiday, it is likely to work out even cheaper than what we paid and that was cheap enough.



Above is a picture taken by one of the H. & E. party showing part of the nude beach just ten minutes from the hotel. Below is a long shot of the same beach taken by another of the H. & E. party.







We're moving into a New Year. What changes have there been throughout 1980? We're delighted to say we're getting more lady readers. We know because they write to Susan Mayfield with their problems. As usual, she offers practical advice. Then it's sympathy for an old gentleman—and a telling-off for a young one.

**S**O it's January. We've put the yule-tide feasting behind us and are tolerating the frost and the dark nights because now the month holds a future. The year has turned. In about three weeks the days will be noticeably longer and holding a promise of warm summer nights and long golden days.

Did you know that January was named after the Roman god, Janus? He is always depicted as having two heads—one looks regretfully backwards, the other hopefully forwards. No wonder January is the month for future plans, for changes, and the time of year when we resolve to change our life-styles and make a new start.

I wonder how many readers will write to me and say 'I want to become a naturist'? For many of you do. But how will naturism affect your life? Will you become a new person for the new year? A reader writes:

*'I am 23 years old, a single girl, and I do a lot of travelling around Ireland. I'd heard about naturism when on holiday in France and wanted to try it. I went with a girlfriend to a secluded spot on the beach—it was mid-week and no one was around. I suggested to my friend that we should undress, but she would not agree. So I stood up and took off my dress and stockings and shoes and was in my bra and knickers. Then I unhooked my bra and walked around in just my knickers. At last I got the*

*courage to take even those off, it was the first time I had ever done this in the open air. I was standing completely naked and the feeling was wonderful! I managed to persuade my friend to strip and the two of us were completely nude. The sand was hard so we were able to put on our high-heeled shoes to go for a walk. My friend looked very pretty, she has very nice breasts and a lovely bottom, and it excited me as we both ran along the beach. The only times I have ever removed my underwear before were with my boyfriend, I would like him to strip with me but I do not know how to ask him. My friend and I are thinking of joining a nudist club, can you suggest one for us both? Also we still feel a bit embarrassed, can you please advise us?'*

Ladies—you are wasted in Ireland!

Although there is a national organisation (its address is on its way to you) there are no clubs. You'd certainly have no trouble visiting one, as single ladies are always made welcome.

You only feel embarrassed at the moment because there's just the two of you. When a whole crowd of people are enjoying the beach, it's the most natural thing in the world. Why don't you book yourselves a holiday at one of the naturist resorts in the South of France? When your boyfriend sees your suntan, say: 'It's so different there, everyone joins in'. If he gets outraged, say 'Of course



# A PROMISE IN T









We are delighted we are getting more lady readers—here's one from Germany.

## 'in the privacy of my car'

I wouldn't do it *here!*' Then he'll probably forgive you.

And please accept my best wishes for 1981.

More and more ladies are writing to me now. An ardent nudist writes from Canda:

*'My daughter is sprouting into a young woman and sometimes I wonder if my nude way of life is correct for her. Boyfriends come to our house and my daughter is usually as nude as myself and the man in my life. Am I setting a poor example? I have very frank discussions with her and she is not yet ready for any type of sexual relationship. But the boys are. She really does not understand that other people have feelings. One boy whom she befriends more than most is agonised over her behaviour. We are usually nude round the house and garden and this boy joins in. The other day he got erect and my cruel daughter started laughing at him, totally destroying him. I had a long talk with her and she seems to understand. I only hope the boy isn't too hurt.'*

Yes, your little girl is having a grand time testing out her new-found feminine powers. The trouble is, she is trying them out on boys who have not had a naturist upbringing. Of course they're not going to understand. I think that until she grows

through this phase (after all, the only way adolescents can learn about adult sexuality is by trying different things for themselves until they find their own truly satisfying life-style) you must limit your nudity when visitors come.

You can't expect to recreate the relaxed sun-club atmosphere by throwing two adolescents together in close confines without clothes. And remember, there's an attractive mature woman walking around without clothes as well! No wonder your daughter has plenty of boyfriends call to the house—in one sense she may well have seen through their motives more accurately than you. But if your morality is 'Don't hurt people's feelings', I don't think you need question the way you are bringing her up.

Back to the men. A regular correspondent writes:

*'I was delighted to see my last letter to you published. You made a great job of editing it, which got the message across to the people I wanted to reach, those who, like me, have to rely on solo sex after being deprived of natural intercourse. You felt sorry for my wife's frigid condition after an operation, but there is nothing anyone could do or say to give her back her sexual appetite. I tried to persuade her to see someone at the outset,*



And more happy sunshine addicts from London this time.



but she wouldn't, nor would she grant me the tiniest loving caress, which would have meant so much to me. However, Susan, by using his imagination, a man can vary the methods of his solitary satisfaction in order to enhance the pleasure. I would stress—don't do it to a climax every time. People tell me how well I look (I'm 69). That is because I am constantly randy. I hope you can read this awful writing. I have to write in the privacy of my car as my wife would want to know who I was writing to.'

I found the last sentence in your letter the saddest.

I don't think your wife ought to make love to you, but feel sorry for her that she says she has no sexual feeling. Very many middle-aged women claim that 'an operation' ends their sex-lives, but I can't help feeling that sex must have been disappointing to them if they gave it up without a fight.

However, you are obviously quite happy, and if you have found a solution to your problem that works for you, that's what really matters.

#### Letter from Cornwall

And your letter did reach other readers. A gentleman writes from Cornwall:

*'For many years I nursed my wife who, because of a painful hip, was unable to have sex. During those years I practised masturbation and enjoyed it, though I am nearing 70. Now I am more relaxed Susan, because of what you wrote; I did often wonder if I was harming myself, as I was once told it could cause blindness. I am now a widower and it is unlikely I could meet a lady who would be a companion to me in my old age.'*

The rest of your letter makes it clear that you are a healthy, lively 70-year-old with many interests; so do keep looking for that elusive 'companion'. There are far more widows than widowers, you know.

I am finding that younger people no longer write to me worried about the myths of masturbation, only the older folk. Maybe the latter are still suffering from the lessons of their youth? No, today's young men prefer to write about penises. Witness:

*'In H. & E. Vol. 81, No. 7, you made a million pound bet—and you've lost it. Women do find a large male organ attractive. I suggest you read Forbidden Flowers—More Women's Sexual Fantasies by Nancy Friday. It was written by a woman who interviewed women of all ages, and many of the fantasies centred on huge penises, belonging to black men or horses.'*

Oh, this sort of rubbish makes me so cross! Why don't you go and wash your mouth out? And Nancy Friday too, if she's listen-



And back to Germany for two beauties in beautiful Barvaria.

ing.

The contemporary literature that I peruse tells me that most women reach a sexual climax from clitoral stimulation, and few from male penetration. Penetration, followed by thrusting and ejaculation, is the male definition of love-making, not the female. I suggest you read *The Hite Report* by Shere Hite, if you want to know how women really feel about sex. They certainly do not find men attractive because of the size of their genitals. Why, oh why, do men persist in believing this ugly myth? Another reader writes:

*'Anything large attracts the eyes. Most women I have seen on naturist beaches when faced by well-hung men do stare and admire it. It's the sheer size of the equipment on these men that creates an image of power and manhood. Some women are openly terrified when faced by such men.'*

Oh, what a lovely picture you conjure up! The little woman, grovelling and subdued, crouching beneath the power of the mighty phallus!

I suggest that if you really do see these things on naturist

beaches, you shut yourself up in your bedroom with Nancy Friday and make eyes at your fantasies. I have never, ever, seen naturist women either admiring or terrified of a male penis—they don't even notice!

#### Arrogant?

I would even go so far as to say that sexual attractiveness is not related to physical build at all. It's responsiveness, humour and self-confidence that make people attractive. It's a mistake to link desirability with ideal measurements. A German reader comments on one of my previous letters:

*'Why should men not look at themselves complacently in the mirror? We allow every girl and woman the right to ask her mirror again and again if she is more beautiful or slender than the others, whether her breasts are bigger, more pointed or of nicer shape than those of other women, whether her pubic hair is fuller and shinier than that of the others. We men would surely miss something if women stopped admiring themselves in the mirror! But why should men not have the same*

*right? Why should they not be proud of having a cute or big penis? Why should they not look at what physically makes them a man?'*

I can't understand why everybody thinks dimensions are so important.

About two years ago I read of the death by suicide of a beautiful young model girl. She had everything going for her, including a promising career and a lovely husband. But in her suicide note she wrote 'I am ugly'.

Then I realised something important. It's now how we appear on the outside that matters, but how we feel on the inside. Those who know from inside that they are likeable have no need to reassure themselves of the fact by constantly looking in the mirror. I applied this thinking to my own image of myself and it has improved my confidence enormously.

If I sound arrogant, I'm sorry. Although the world may see me as a middle-aged housewife, or a harassed journalist, or a scarlet woman because I go about in the nude, only one thing matters.

I like myself the way I am!



# CAN YOU COPE WITH HOLIDAY HAZARDS?

Here's a quiz with a difference. We give you the answers as you go along! Answer all the questions and you'll be older and wiser about naturist holidays. Get them all right, and you'll be able to rest on your laurels, knowing yourself to be an experienced traveller. But if you score nothing at all, we recommend you to a consolation prize—take plenty of naturist holidays and get some practise in!

Try our quiz. Petra Vallance comes up with some amazing facts.

**QUESTION**—What is the safest form of travel? Air travel, coach, train, or driving yourself?

Answer—Trains and aeroplanes are as safe as each other; you have a one in 300 chance of being killed in a million miles of travel. One in 66 car-drivers are killed per million miles and horrifyingly, one in six motor-cyclists. The humble coach is the safest way to reach your destination. You have only a one in 500 chance of not coming back, per million miles. It's a good job a million miles will take you to the Mediterranean about a thousand times!

**Question**—Although five times safer than motoring, air travel contains other hazards. These are: accidents on the airport buses, lost luggage, you never know if the x-ray machine is switched on or, you might have a heart attack?

Answer—Luggage is often lost for periods of over a week. While you don't need many clothes for a naturist holiday, take essentials like tooth-brushes in your hand-luggage. Only luggage is x-rayed, not people. We've already seen that buses are safer than planes! Believe it or not, heart attacks are five times more common in airport waiting lounges than at home.

**How do you avoid sea-sickness?** By taking two tablets, by eating dry toast, by lying down with your eyes shut, by walking the decks in the fresh air or by drinking several brandies to settle your stomach?

Pacing the decks doesn't work, but by all means sit or lie out in the fresh air if the interior of the ship is unbearably stuffy—not often, during a Channel storm!

Don't take travel sickness pills if you're going to drive off the





ferry afterwards. You can't drink if you're driving either! Make sure you've eaten something dry and light, perhaps a sandwich, then lie down before the ferry starts moving and keep your eyes closed. It's surprising how the sensation of movement decreases when you can't see the horizon going up and down the window.

If a child is sick, don't walk them up and down the ship with a hearty 'The fresh air will do you good'. The child will be much worse, if not hysterical, and needs to be wrapped in blankets and kept warm and calm, again, lying down if possible.

**Over half the accidents to British motorists in France occur within 150 km of the Channel ports. True or false?**

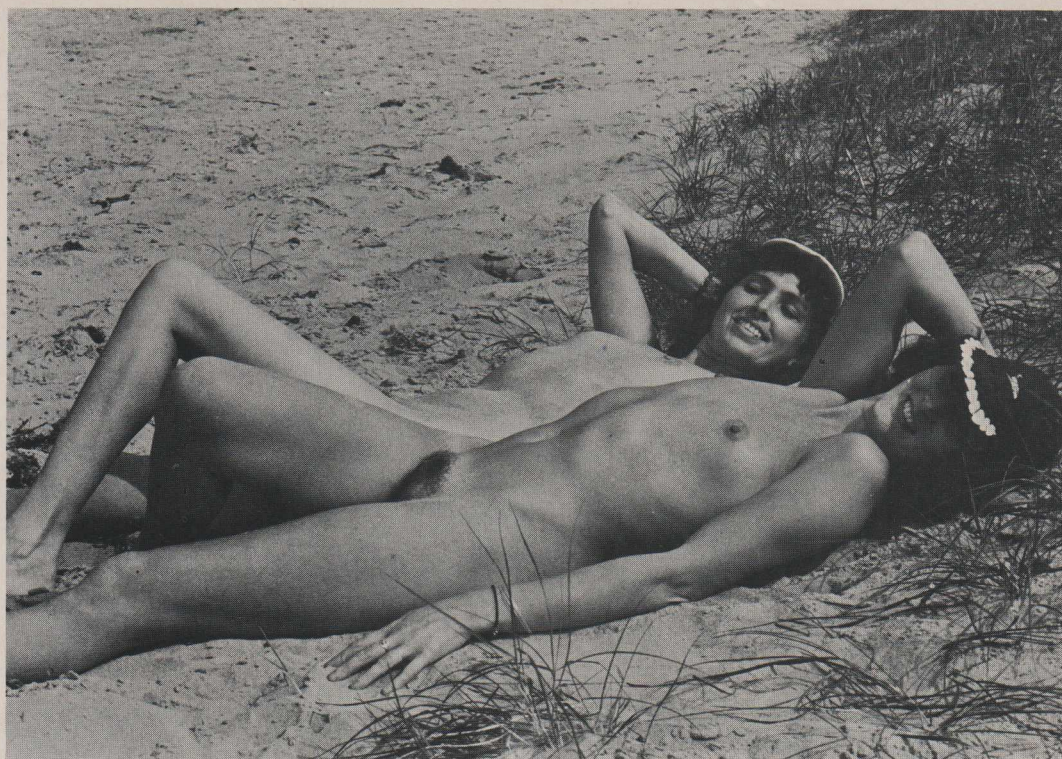
True. Take it easy when you first come off the ferry and give yourself plenty of time to get back. On the rest of your trip, don't drive more than 400 km in any one day. Remember that your passengers need a break too.

**You like to have a drink on holiday. Are you sure it doesn't affect your health?**

Only if you drive! Otherwise, up to one bottle of wine a day will only increase your chances of dying an alcoholic to one in 13,000—and it won't be tomorrow. So enjoy yourself with the local wine.

**If you do get a hang-over, what's the best cure?**

Your symptoms are caused by dehydration, as alcohol is a diuretic—it makes your body quickly rid itself of fluid. So keep a bottle of mineral water in your tent or hotel and drink it before you go to sleep. The next day, drink as much plain water as you



Even sand can be a hazard. Wind can blow it into your camera or your eyes.

can, eat barley sugar or honey, and swallow a handful of vitamin C tablets. Keep out of the heat till you feel better, or you will only lose more body fluid and feel worse than ever.

**Which of the following countries turns a blind eye to naturist sunbathing: France, Spain, Germany, Denmark, Italy or Greece?**

In Denmark it's permissible to bathe naked on all beaches as long as you don't annoy anyone. France and Germany are very liberal, but Italy and Spain are turning a blind eye to topless bathing only. If they catch you bathing nude in Greece, they'll

arrest you at the drop of a sunhat.

**What causes holiday-tummy—too much drinking, too much sunbathing, drinking the local water or sleeping in a strange bed? How do you cure it?**

If you're suffering a mild case of 'galloping gunners', it's just your system getting used to a strange place—stop worrying about it. However, if you are struck by 'Montezuma's revenge', you've picked up a local bug you're not used to. Take to your bed and drink only mineral water and wine for 24 hours. The wine acts as a disinfectant. Eat nothing

whatsoever. If you are not better in two days, get a doctor.

**Mosquitoes, horse-flies and gnats will attack your genitals ferociously. True or false?**

False. They just go for anywhere uncovered! Take a good insect repellent cream with you on holiday.

**Surely it's not really true that too much exposure to the sun causes skin cancer?**

Technically—yes. Spend about eight hours a day in the sun for a hundred years and it's possible you'll get skin cancer!

Recent reports about sun-tan lotions, though, are causing alarm. The substance suspected of causing skin cancer is called 5-methoxypsoralen, and is present in Oil of Bergamot. Paradoxically, manufacturers are allowed to add the oil to their products but not the chemical itself. So read the label on your bottle of sun-tan lotion before you buy.

**What is the most vulnerable part of the body for a new naturist on holiday for the first time—the shoulders, the penis, the buttocks, the feet or the stomach?**

The buttocks. As well as sunburn on this previously unexposed area (strangely, the penis seems to be covered by a tougher skin) newcomers have been known to burn themselves on the stoves of saunas, on the hot rocks of Yugoslavia and on the mid-summer sands of Gran Canaria! You're advised to watch the soles of your feet, too, on hot beaches. Also—remember your stomach; the old jokes about frying sausages still apply. Take an apron on holiday if you plan to do any cooking!



This young lady appears to be saying that the cold waters of the Montilevet Atlantic provide their own hazard.





**T**HE other day I asked my father what he and my mother used to do on warm Sunday afternoons in the summer.

'What do you want to know that for?' growled my old man from behind his paper. My mother was smiling over her knitting.

'Oh, I wondered—what did you do when you went courting?'

'I took your mother to Church of course!'

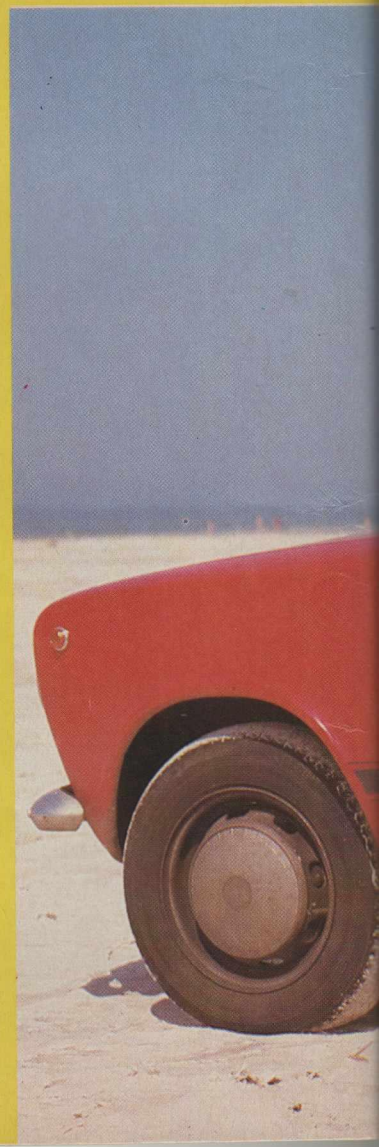
'But what about the afternoons?'

'Oh, you youngsters! We went for a walk! By the canal!'

Well, I did have a reason for asking. I had a theory that times are changing. For example, what myself and my girlfriend do on a Sunday afternoon is now being accepted as completely normal by more and more of society. And went my reasoning, this change in human leisure behaviour has only come about during the past ten years.

Mind you, it's not just Sunday, it's every day of the week we can get away and sometimes in the evening as well. We jump in the car and head for the nearest beach.

Some of our local beaches are so far from a road you can take your clothes off quite a distance before you actually reach them.





# IS IT TRULY A NEW MORALITY?

We often hear older folk grumble that the young behave as though they invented sex. It's true the young enjoy their courting days, they like to think they're new and original, and they strongly need the sense that they, and only they, are moving away from the traditional ways.

It may even be part of their growing up to realise they are, perhaps, not so different. Gustave, from north Germany, tells us how it happened to him.







It gives you quite a strange, decadent feeling to be driving along with no clothes on. I like to fling my arm out of the window and wave to naked people who may be going up and down the track, heading for the beach.

Then the car starts to get hot and you start to stick to the seat. It's time to get out!

We always feel a surge of elation when we first arrive, so we get rid of our surplus energy by a brisk game of football. Then it's a race to the water—often quite a distance away when the tide is out—and another game in the water.

Then we pour fresh water over ourselves to rinse off the salt and head for a sheltered spot in the sandhills. The idea is to rest and sunbathe. We rub sun-oil into each other. But we end up looking into each other's eyes. . . .

I guess my mum and dad did the same thing when they stopped for a moment on one of their canal-side walks—if walk beside the canal was what they did.

Because not long ago my dad lost a document and with the rest of the household I was searching for it for him. I opened a plain brown envelope and out fell a small, and rather blurred black-and-white photograph. It was of a slim, naked girl, reclining on the sand of a faraway beach.

I'd know my mother's smile anywhere.















# CHANGE THE LAW NOW!

says PHIL VALLACK

If you campaign for free beaches, you are sometimes amused and sometimes furious with those who oppose you. This month Phil Vallack is furious. He argues that the status quo changes too slowly. Today, no one in his right mind believes the naked human form 'indecent'. No one really believes that they should be ashamed of their physical form, or that they should be treated like criminals because of that lack of shame. Perhaps a way out of the difficulty would be to establish a standard of 'decent exposure'.



Renée at Hole-in-the-wall beach, Santa Cruz, California.



Free Sun lover, Penny, skinny-dips in a rock pool.





### Be seated

**T**HE text for my sermon today, brothers and sisters, is from the gospel according to the *Llanelli Star* of 14th June, 1980. I quote from the reported pronouncements of Councillor Richards, paragraph 8:

'This man has put in Cefn Sidan without consulting anybody.'

The reference is to myself ('this man') describing Pembrey Forest (Cefn Sidan) in *Free-sun: Europe's Beaches* after only consulting the nude bathers who speak so highly of this unofficial beach.

In 1978 Mr. Richards' Council had clearly stated that they had no intention of reconsidering their refusal to designate. I am surprised that they expected me to waste time 'consulting' anyone with minds so closed as theirs.

More surprising still is the claim by Mr. Richards that six miles of the coastline, mostly if not all belonging to the Forestry Commission, is wanted 'purely for the use of families and anglers'. Probably he counts his dog as 'family' in this definition, for he also proudly tells the Press that lots of people like himself (singular) go for long walks along the sand rather than just sit. No doubt some of these long walks are enlivened by the company of a dog or two?

When I had read this blatantly prejudiced comment by someone with the strange idea that seaside naturists do not have families, I wrote as follows to the *Llanelli Star*:

'My one comment . . . would be to doubt whether the hundreds of nude bathers who enjoy this ideal place, on a good weekend, are going to allow Councillor Richards and his dog-loving friends exclusive use of six miles of sandy beach for the defecation of their animals.'



Here she looks like a real mermaid.



### Be careful where you tread

This gentleman may or may not walk his dog alongside the pine trees at Cefn Sidan. He may walk alone. It is his arrogance that annoys me. His assumption that if he did, he should not have to see the disgusting sight of nudists. I may be ultra-sensitive—but there are three things I would rather not tread in on a beach: broken glass, black oil, and dog excreta. Don't call me a naturist or a nudist, please, but a realist—yes. Nakedness by the sea I do not find disgusting, but I am disgusted by the detritus of our consumer society. And by the rubbish in the minds of those unable to adjust to more healthy ideas. Ideas about the normality and seamliness of being nude.

For far too long the people who like bathing nude have kept silent. Even when insulted. In attempting to 'win over' leaders of local government the 'organised' naturists of Britain have tried hard not to tread on any councillors' toes. They have fallen over backwards, so to speak, and landed, fairly and squarely, in 'it'.

I am angry that they find it expedient to say that the details and views in *Free-Sun* are nothing whatsoever to do with them. That as late as 2nd June, 1980, in the *Daily Express*, their PRO publicly states that the CCBN discourages people from using the unofficial beaches. That they still seem to be under the delusion that 'official designation' is the ultimate and only road to nirvana—a perfect state of bliss to please us all.

Whether the experience of Cunningham District Council's attempt to rat on the previous year's 'designation' of Gales Beach, Irvine, will affect CCBN thinking I do not know. For me the tragedy is that nude bathing can depend, for 'official' status, on the whims and intrigues of local politics. That the 'decency' of your nakedness, and mine, depends upon the degree of ignorance and sexual fantasies of amateur politicians. Often against the advice of professionals well aware of the value of naturist tourism.

### Let us pray

My well-worn dictionary tells me that in the old days a 'prayer' had political, as well as religious, meaning. 'A Petition, especially to a public body' would be called a 'prayer'. Let us not waste time on the power-seekers elected into this council or that. Let us make the people who fashion the law of the land aware of a need to protect 'decent exposure'.

This magazine supports the Petition for a better Model By-law sponsored by the Free-Sun people. You can send your SAE for Petition Pages either to H.&E.,



or to Free-Sun Publications, 37 West End, March, Cambridgeshire, PE15 8DN. Any too late for Christmas will be presented at Easter, 1981.

Even if ten or twenty thousand signatures end up in the shredder at the Home Office, and are ignored at this stage, the public will have been made a little more aware of worn-out phrases in common law perpetuating prudery of years gone by.

How illogical it is to be asked to keep 200 metres from a 'public place' in one document and then read, in another, that the beach itself could be called a 'public place' according to this or that High Court judgement. It is clear that this legal muddle cannot continue for much longer.

There are signs, at least, that

the Free-Sun people are not content with things as they are. The organised beach group at Pembrey Forest, no doubt, will continue to enjoy nude leisure there whether or not the councillors approve. The Victoria Sun Beach Club will not put up with self-appointed vigilantes buzzing them in a Land-Rover or tearing down signposts. Perhaps we shall soon have a 'textile' charged by nudists with conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace. The worm is turning—and about time too!

Even the PRO of the Central Council for British Naturism is showing her claws in defence of the 'legality' of Gales Beach in Ayrshire. If it becomes 'unofficial' there will be those, though not an organised beach group as yet, who will still use it unofficially. Irvine

may well see the text case which many think inevitable to change the law. In that event, more than your signature may be needed. Hard cash will have to be found to pay legal costs up to the highest court of appeal.

### The collection

Forgive my warped sense of humour in giving this article the format of a religious service. In fact one would expect naturists to have quietly slipped away by the time any collection was made. Not exactly world famous for backing any naturist enterprise that requires hard cash.

Many stretches of coastline have gone to others, over the years, because organised naturism has followers who like things on the cheap. Others, too, I suppose, with real names and addresses,





raise money more efficiently.

# **Sister Anna will carry the banner**

Publicity is expensive. Notoriety is cheap. Some newspapers love an 'angle' to stories about social nudism which imply behaviour that is highly erotic, immoral, illicit, furtive or simply perverted. The lunatic fringe usually provide exactly what these editors need. Other journalists often manage to report, accurately, the growing popularity of nude leisure as an aspect of healthy living in a society freed from insular prudery.

The involvement of 'organised naturism' in the campaign for 'legal' nude bathing everywhere is helping to break down the 'secret society' image. Not very fast, and not with everyone's blessing, but some of the club people are behaving a little less like lepers these days. A club secretary, now and then, will actually give me a real address so that I do not need to write to him, or her, via an intermediate address. Believe me—that is progress.

Two years ago a pen friend of mine was hunted down by Police with a tracker-dog and taken in 'for questioning' like a common criminal.

He was on the beach he had described in detail for *Free-Sun*, 1979 edition. His enthusiastic report on this place is still in the 1980 edition, page 14, item 9. It was featured in Vol. 80, No. 7, of this magazine.

Ritchie Lamb had been seen naked by a 16-year-old girl sitting high on a sand dune. She was an

employee of the council and had reported what she saw to a policeman in a car park a quarter of a mile away.

He assures me that he did not have an erection as he strolled alone, as he thought, enjoying the sea breeze and quiet solitude. Let me end this comment on the legal position in Britain with extracts from his own description of exactly how vulnerable you, and I, can be even in 1981:

'The area I was in . . . is not well frequented. One gets a few strollers at weekends and holidays only. I told the policeman that I had seen no one in my vicinity all morning and that I had certainly not seen this girl. He called me some nasty names and told me he didn't like people like me. I went without any resistance to Dalton Police Station where they gave me a bit of a grilling. They finally said if I signed a declaration and pleaded guilty to behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace I would probably get 'bound over' (not fined).

'I was so upset and sick and worried . . . that I thought it best to do this and get it all over. At Barrow Magistrates' Court I was bound over for 12 months expiring in August 1979.

'That beautiful sunny quiet morning turned out to be a nightmare for me. I suppose all those years nude since childhood in the sea and sand of Roanhead had lulled me into false security. The little strolls along the deserted beach and dunes after a swim were a pleasure I did not think of as wrong.

'If a minority cannot understand the happiness of feeling at ease as nature intended, then I

reckon such people are a bit sick. Do such people really have the right to call us indecent?'



Les Green and his wife Alison (Susan) in the author's garden.



# FIZZ- BUZZ AND YOU'RE NUDE



**L**ONDON'S oldest existing naturist resort, Spielplatz, is fifty years old. Charles Macaskie and his wife gave up everything to buy their twelve acres of woodland. When they walked onto their land at Bricket Wood near St. Albans all they owned was a tent, some tools and the clothes they wore. These latter they took off. Big Max founded a village, a unique naturist village, which has outlived him and become famous. In naming his village Spielplatz, Big Mac was saluting the Germans whom he respected for having pioneered the movement.

It is strange to think it was the last war which did most to develop Spielplatz. Refugees from much bombed London arrived on Big Mac's doorstep asking if they could buy a plot of land. They

did, and some are still there today. He had few rules. They were, no dogs and full clothing or nothing.

Iseult, his daughter, has lived there all her life. She is 48 now and remembers the struggles of the early days. To earn money both Big Mac and his daughter modelled nude for art schools and artists. Mac sat for the famous Augustus John. Iseult rocketed to fame in the pages of H. & E. during the 1940s and 1950s. For many years Spielplatz took the whole back cover of H. & E. to advertise his resort.

In those days anyone could go to Spielplatz and enjoy a day visit. They paid at the gate and the place was theirs. The result is that Spielplatz probably welcomed more visitors than any other resort in the world. Right on London's doorstep how could it be other-





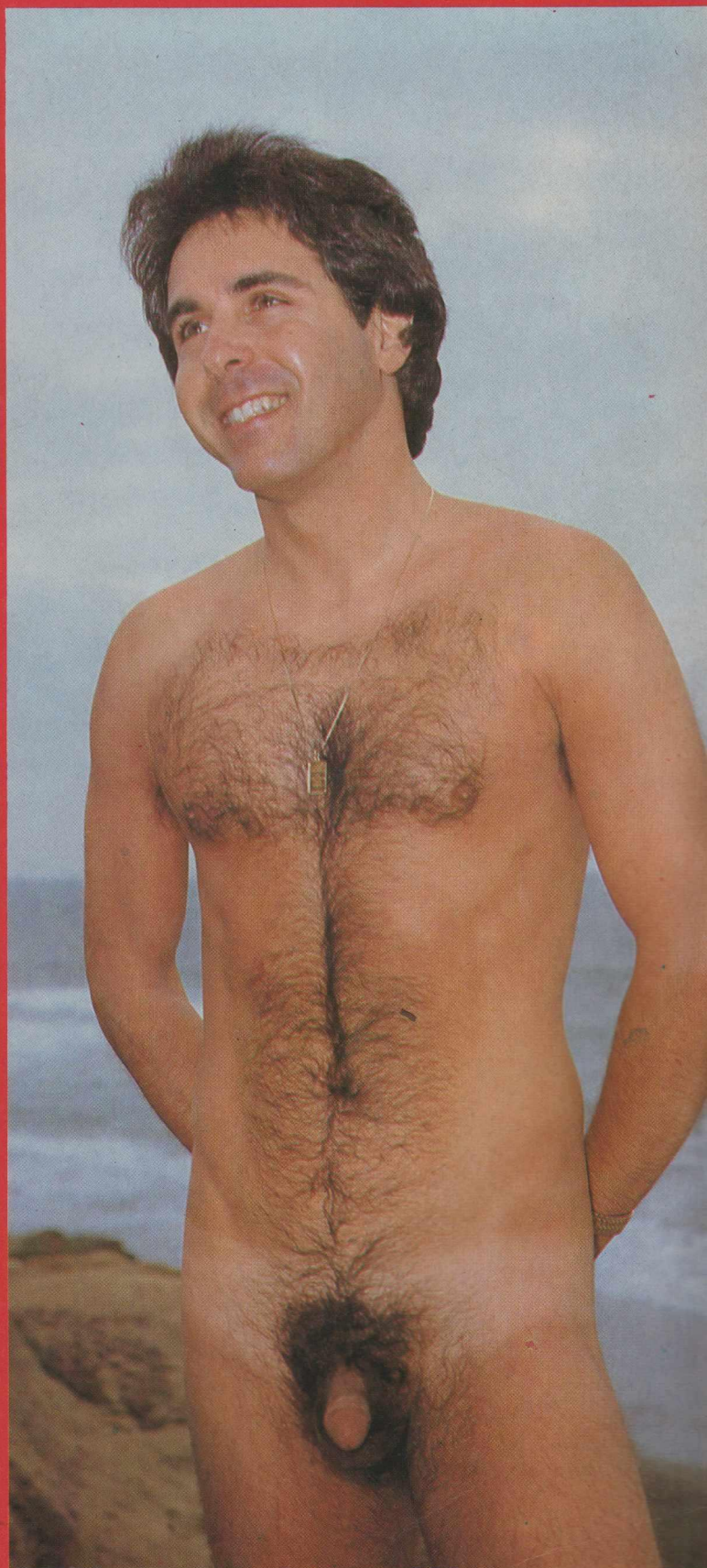
Maggie Stillwell looks around her and spots some lively goings-on. As nude beaches spread around the world, they bring with them some previously unheard of problem. Like sunburnt breasts and the 'embarrassment' of male trainee nurses who have to rub them with cream. Other beaches have the Police swooping while others have the Police approving. Maggie names them.

wise? How many of the thousands who were initiated at Spielplatz joined their home clubs no one will know, but it is certain that many visitors' went out into the world to found their own clubs and resorts—from here to Australia and South Africa.

And while talking of other countries let us look at the goings on in Majorca last summer. Now that club members no longer have the free beaches of the Mediterranean to themselves sunburn is becoming a serious problem. Don't laugh. One of H. & E.'s party in Yugoslavia got so badly burnt on his first day he couldn't sunbathe for the rest of his holiday. But what is happening according to reports from Majorca is that girls who have been sunbathing in conventional top and bottom covering bikinis suddenly

discover a nude beach and flip off the flimsy coverings.

What they forget is their white breasts and bottoms will quickly sunburn. Now if you rush along to hospital in Majorca usually the only people available to deal with the situation are youthful, male trainees. A doctor at the medical centre said 'Trainees male nurses, often the only people available, get very embarrassed.' However, he added, 'But they quite enjoy rubbing cream on young girls with burned breasts.' He didn't say if the girls enjoyed it too. So girls if you don't want to have your breasts rubbed by a male trainee nurse of Spanish extraction use a strong barrier cream on the parts of the body not normally exposed to the sun. But if you do there are other ways of managing it without getting sunburnt.





And talking of usually covered parts, listen to this. A recent European movement hand-out titled 'Naked in Europe' said: 'the main criteria for their choices have been areas of least wind, fewest jelly fish and maximum isolation to discourage voyeurs. Distance from monasteries and convents has also been a determining factor'. As a correspondent to a Manchester paper said 'Monks and nuns apart (which some of them will regret) the only comment to be made is that it seems jelly-fish enjoy the parts that other bathers keep to themselves.' As most of you will know by now the whole thing was an April the first joke anyway.

And talking of jokes, have you investigated to see exactly what the law says about nude swimming from your local beaches? We all assume its not allowed. But if you have lived in Lowestoft and were female you could have bathed naked since 1888. You still can

## Sunbathing bikini girls suddenly discover a nude beach and flip off their flimsy coverings.

unless they have repealed the by-law. Here it is—made in 1888. 'Every person of the male sex above the age of 12 years shall, at all times while bathing, wear suitable drawers or other sufficient dress or covering to prevent indecent exposure of the person.'

You can see from this that only males over the age of 12 are 'covered'. In 1888 they never envisaged the age of the free and equal woman. In Lowestoft, as the law stands since 1888, anyone can sunbathe naked and only men must put on something to swim. Surely this makes Lowestoft a world leader in free beach

nudism. Brighton must take second place. Nevertheless if you do visit Lowestoft it would be safest to bathe in the area marked out for naturists.

It's a few years now since Lord Longford, the fierce anti-pornography campaigner, appeared in our columns. But not so long ago he was speaking on moral standards in society and he referred to Brighton's nude beach. 'It could be open to abuse,' he said. Then he continued, 'I don't see why it should do any harm. It has dangers but I'm not against it on principle.' Lord Longford says he has often swum naked,



'I won't let them get their hands on me!'



but he won't accept the many invitations to nudist resorts, not because he might have to take off his clothes, but because he fears a Press photographer would 'pop up'.

For others who may have fears of going naked at a free beach or elsewhere one reader recommends the game of 'fizz-buzz'. No I had never heard of it either, but it appears to have attacked the student population of Cambridge's universities in a big way. Jenny Gregory was serving behind the bar of the Sir Isaac Newton pub when 'The next thing I knew a pair of trousers came flying over. I just threw them in the bin as you would an empty cigarette packet.'

Fizz-Buzz, incidently, is played by any group of people. Each in turn starts the count of one, two three, etc. But instead of saying seven or any number divisible by seven you say Buzz. If you fail, you strip off a piece of clothing. To make it more fun you can give another number to Fizz. Those who fail to Fuzz or Bizz (yes it gets difficult doesn't it) will soon be nude.

And now for something completely different. Two famous men have been airing their opinions. The first is Sir Kenneth Clark a





prolific writer and commentator on the art scene. He points out that language distinguishes between the word nude and the word naked. To be naked he says is to be deprived of clothes and the word implies some of the embarrassment which most of us feel in that situation. The word nude on the other hand carries in educated usage, no uncomfortable overtone. The image it gives the mind . . . is of a balanced, prosperous and confident body.

Can we then say that the word naturist is inferior to nudist. It might appear so since in Kenneth Clark's opinion nude is preferable to naked.

Then there is Demond Morris of *The Naked Ape* fame. He states two main areas in which strong attitudes exist. The first is tradition. If it were traditional to go naked, few people would object. The second area is sex. Here we have an even more deeply rooted prejudice. 'For many people exposing the genitals in public is tantamount to transmitting sexual signals and is also symbolic of a slide towards sexual permissiveness they feel themselves unable to cope with.'

This is interesting. Anyone who has followed the arguments against nudism is only too aware that they come mostly from elderly people who are the chief respectors of tradition and most

likely to be prejudiced. In short they see themselves as quite unable to cope with a world where nakedness is accepted.

Another place where they can't cope with nudity is Goa. This tiny state hugging the shoreline of India is a hippy, drug gulping paradise. Nudity is something else and much worse it seems. Anjuna beach is just the place to be naked. Unfortunately the Police won't agree. They swoop on the beach and throw the nudists into prison. There they are counted every five minutes by guards carrying guns. Keep away from India where they can't even bathe in their sacred river without first bandaging up their genitals. Go to Gran Canaria instead and try the four mile Maspalomas beach. Its superb sand hills attract thousands. And instead of the Police locking you up, they look after you.

Oh, and a parting thought. We know the Pope loves us not, but a certain Roderic Cohan writing in the *Baptist Times* does. He has noticed we are 15 million strong in Europe and says '... these folk need friendship and they need Christ and we may only reach them by joining them . . . are we prepared to risk our comfort, pride, taboos, for the sake of Christ and others'. Once they used to stick to the natives of Africa.



Happenings all round the world are grist to Maggie's mill.

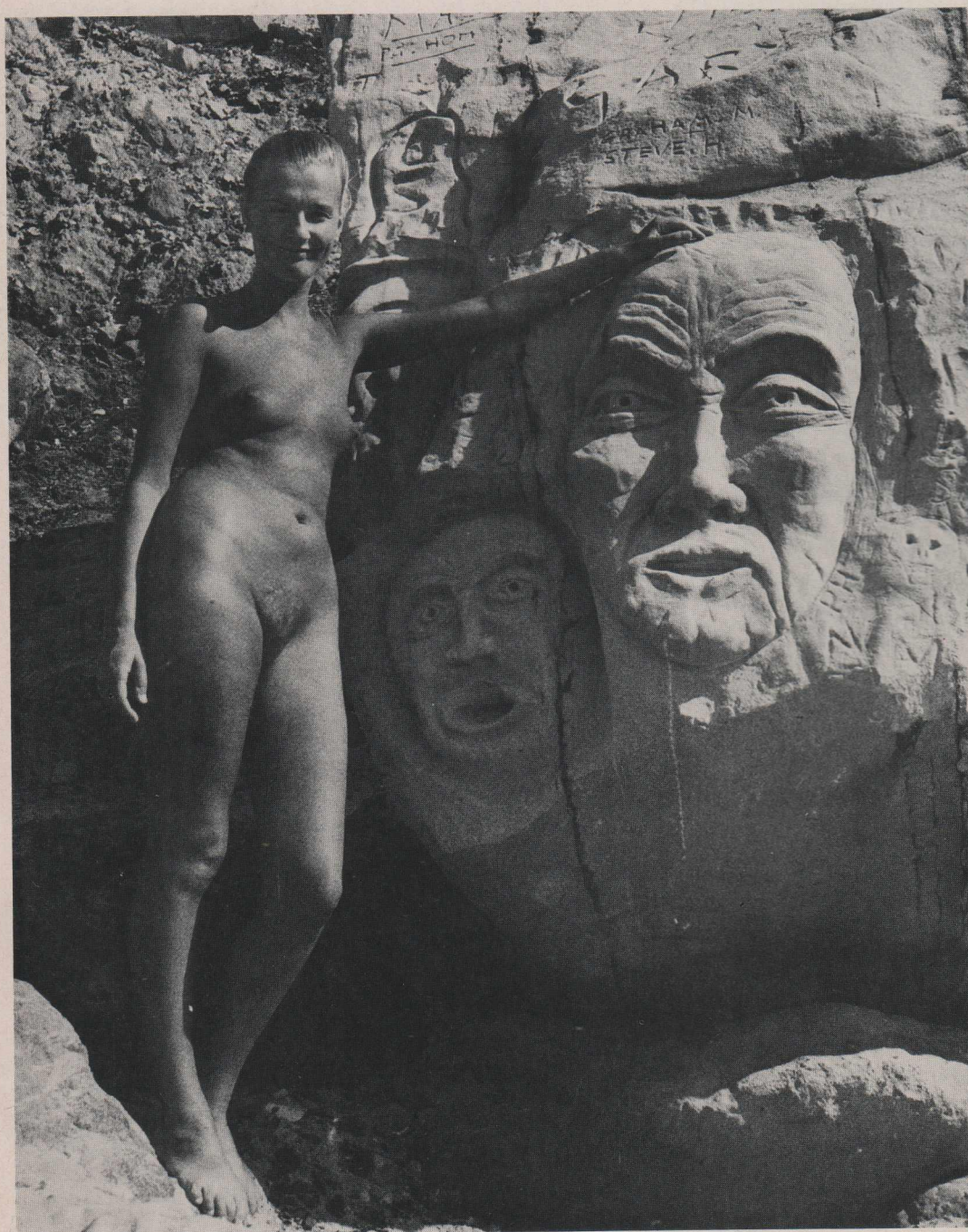


# OUR ISLAND

## PERSONAL VIEW

**Naturists like islands. The first and most famous open naturist resort in the world was established on one—the Isle de Levant in the Mediterranean. But here Tony Adams describes his own delightful nudist retreat from the cares and stress of the everyday world. And its on the south coast of England instead of France.**

**T**EN years ago this summer when I stepped off the boat and realised my life ambition, everything I longed for was on this island. But it wasn't an easy passage; I had little money, no wealthy relatives to endow me with a fortune, nor did I win a sweepstake. It took twenty long years of diligent commuting to the city centre where, as a graphic designer, I worked into the night and lived on little to promote my escape to the contrasting, idyllic life-style that I longed for.



Here are the limestone sculptures our author mentions.

I shall try not to enthuse too grandly on the beauties that abound in this tucked-away corner of the island where I now live—just the bare facts. Bare being the operative word, for the summer temperatures are such that Susan and I can remain comfortably nude because our grounds and house are completely secluded.

Trees and bamboo surround the lush grass where we spend much of our time lazing in the sun. In the conservatory where I sit writing I can reach out and pluck oranges from the tree. Between the clumps of palms grow a profusion of bright scarlet geraniums. More delicate shades of colour are created by the pink oleander and white passion flowers hang like a tapestry over the pool.

The warm air is heavy with the perfume of flowers. Only the tinkling of the fountain and occasional splash of a fish interrupts the silence. Susan reminds me that I must call a halt to my writing for a while because we have arranged to meet our friends on the beach at noon. Already she has packed wine, home-made



# BEACH



And here is a picture by the author showing the delightful sweep of Blackgang Beach on the Isle of Wight.

bread and cheese to take with us.

## Down to the beach

A winding pathway leads us down to the beach in ten minutes. In early summer one can pause to pick violets and other wild flowers along this path and in a nearby glade mottled sunlight decorates the pale yellow irises that reach out from the still waters of a pond. Later in the season wild hops, sloes and other edible berries are in plenty. Thanks to Susan's ingenious skills at wine-making our cellar is kept well stocked with a variety of elderberry, blackberry and other wines. Nature is most bountiful in these parts and, as true naturists, we are grateful. Although it is not feasible to live entirely off the land we do visit nearby farms for eggs, meat and to pick our own fruit, corn and vegetables. During the winter months we keep warm with an abundance of free fuel from fallen trees in our woods.

Now that we have reached the bottom of the path and feel the sand between our toes we shed

our brief denim shorts and head the few yards towards the water-fall that permanently gushes pure mineral water from the cliff-face. Here we take a cooling shower while simultaneously quenching our thirst with open mouths. I am inclined to believe in the health-giving qualities of this chalybeate spring water. Rich in iron and other minerals, could it be the elixir of youth and prolonged life? Hair has now returned to my 64-year-old bald patch and I maintain vigour and vitality equal to that of Susan's 28 years.

We see several groups of naturists. Some we know, others are strangers but, as we approach they smile and pass a few friendly words. Here, there are no slot-machines, candy floss or dodgem cars. But the joyful laughter of nude, contented children proves that these superficial things are not essential to happiness. The more ambitious children are beach-combing in the hope of finding the rare pieces-of-eight sometimes discovered on this beach. There is no recorded history to account for the coins found

but some islanders believe that two Spanish galleons with cargoes of plundered South American silver and gold were lured to a watery grave by wreckers.

Philip and Carla, our friends, waded from the sea as we approached our meeting place. Their two children had wandered off with a small hammer and chisel. Their quest was for fossils, of which there is an abundance.

While we were enjoying our picnic lunch and pondering upon the possible history and dates of both the Spanish silver and the fossils a 40 ft. yacht glided silently into the bay. Her virgin-white sails contrasted vividly with the bright blue sky. After securing her anchor and furling the sails two naturist couples came ashore in their dinghy. They proved to be French and well provided with wine. They invited us to join them to sample the vintage. We spent most of the afternoon trying to beat them playing boule.

Although the temperature remained warm the sun eventually dipped below the distant headland and we all decided that it was

time to return home for the evening meal that Susan and Carla had promised to prepare. On our way back along the beach we stopped for a while to admire the rock sculpture of a naturist artist . . . just a face, but a masterful piece of work, 4 ft. by 3 ft.

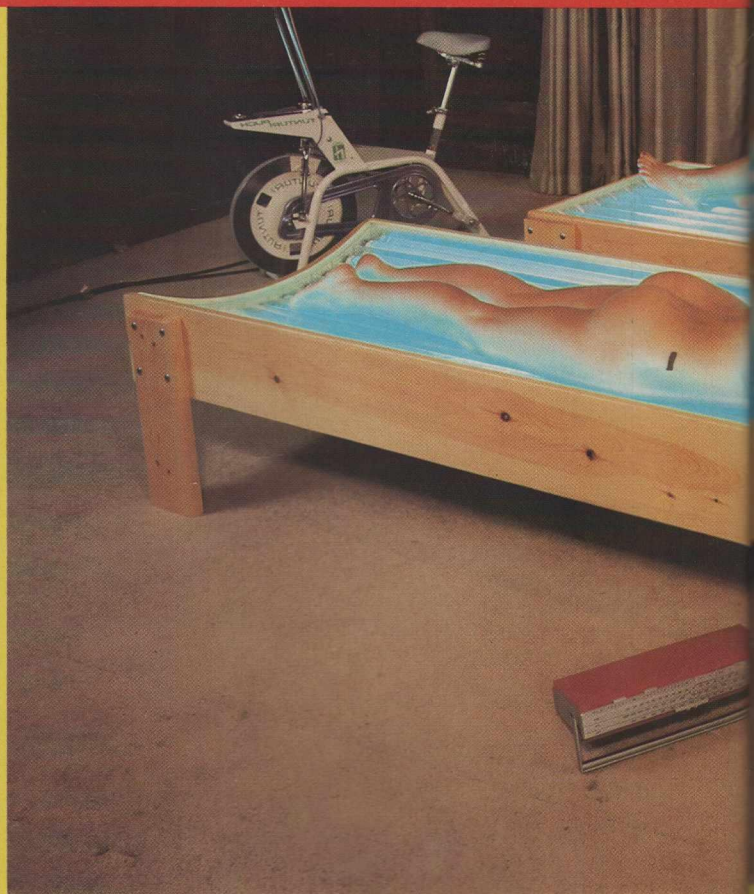
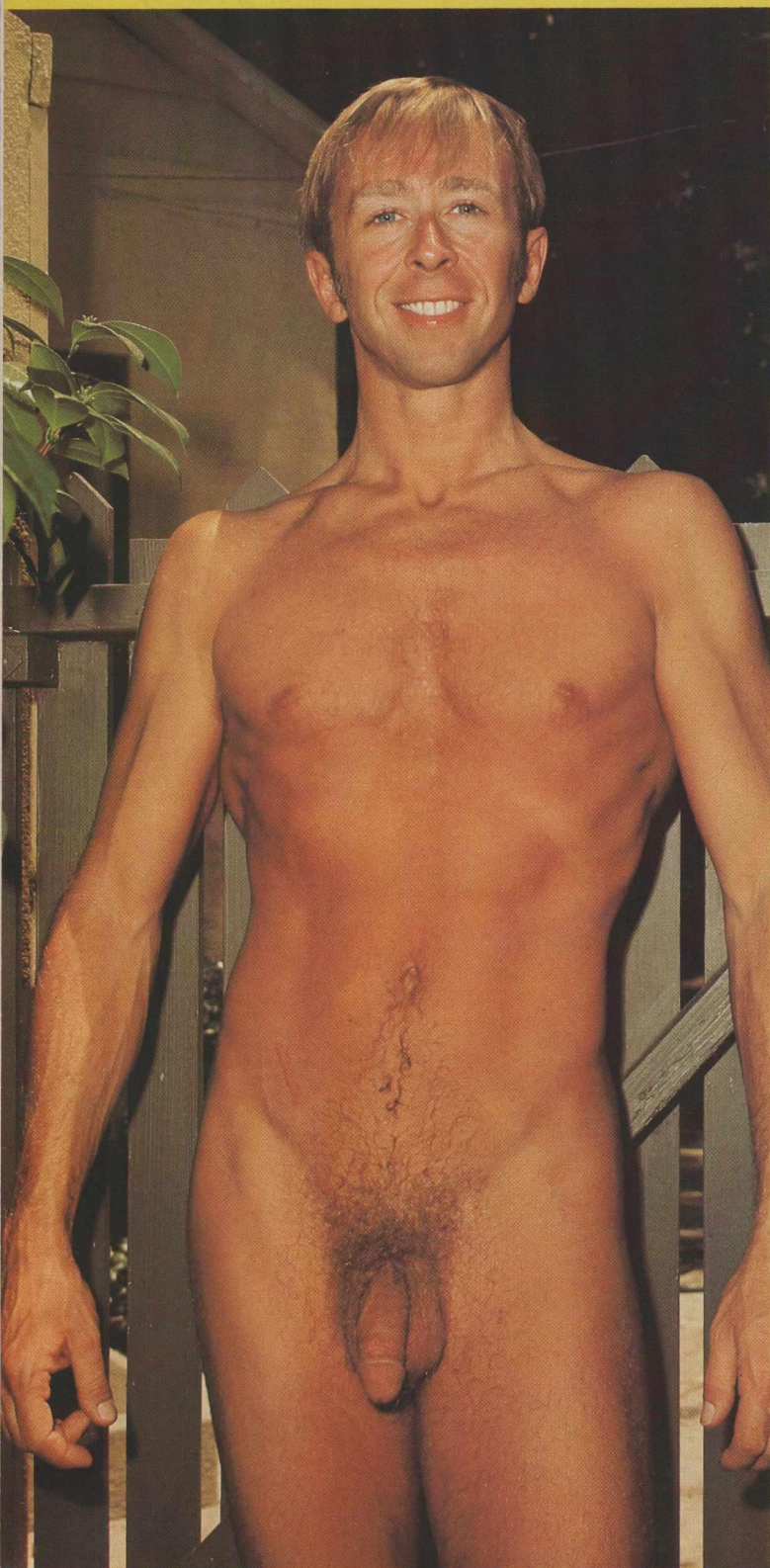
## Where is it?

Some readers may, perhaps, have recognised my idyllic island from the features described, but I think most will be surprised to learn that all this serene beauty lies just off southern England, Blackgang, on the southern tip of the Isle of Wight. It is refreshingly different from the northern area of the island which has little contrast from any other region of Britain's south coast. In 1928 a further cliff-fall demolished the coastal road that ran through this part of the Undercliff—it was never rebuilt. So, for over 50 years tourists and coaches have bypassed these few square miles leaving it untouched . . . a pacific haven for naturists.



# GET A WINTER

It's a long winter isn't it? And summer seems far away. What can you do about it? Here Paula Baldwin suggests you forget that great hydrogen bomb in the sky and turn to a man-made affair—the sun-bed. By now we must all have seen the persuasive advertisements for these contraptions. But what are they and how do they work? Read on for the latest information.



**F**ASHIONABLE rumour has it that the sun ages the skin. But the popular image of a beautiful looking body is still one of limbs bathed in sunlight until they take on that golden glow and healthy sheen. A tan gives us all a psychological feeling of well-being plus, for woman, added glamour and for man, a lift to his virility.

For the wary sunbather, a suntan may only mean brown arms and legs and an extra look of vitality on a darker face which flashes a whiter-than-usual smile.

But for the naturist, a suntan is much more. The naked breast looks fuller, rounder and much sexier when a dark circle of nipple blends into a golden curve towards a soft brown throat.

Much lovelier than the pinker winter version which could be showing every wrinkle, vein and blemish.

And streets ahead of the two-tone half-hearted effort sported by the girl who bared cleavage only above her T-shirt and ended up with a suntanned tide mark splitting her breasts into two distinct strips of suntan and untan!

Who could be turned on by two pasty maids of honour lurking below what looks, when fully clothed, like an enticingly tanned body?

It's not just breasts of course. Anything rounded looks rounder in the nicest possible way with a bit of tan. Buttocks, not always the easiest part of the body to keep looking smooth and soft to touch, look much more inviting with a tan. And even your humble belly button is enhanced by a softly rounded golden tummy!

The male form, an unmasculine tender pink if hidden away from the sun too long, doesn't quite match up to the swarthy, hairy arms which muscle their way out of short-sleeved shirts.

But put a tuntan over a brawny body and watch the male carpet of tangling hair look thicker, darker and more mysterious no matter where it's situated.

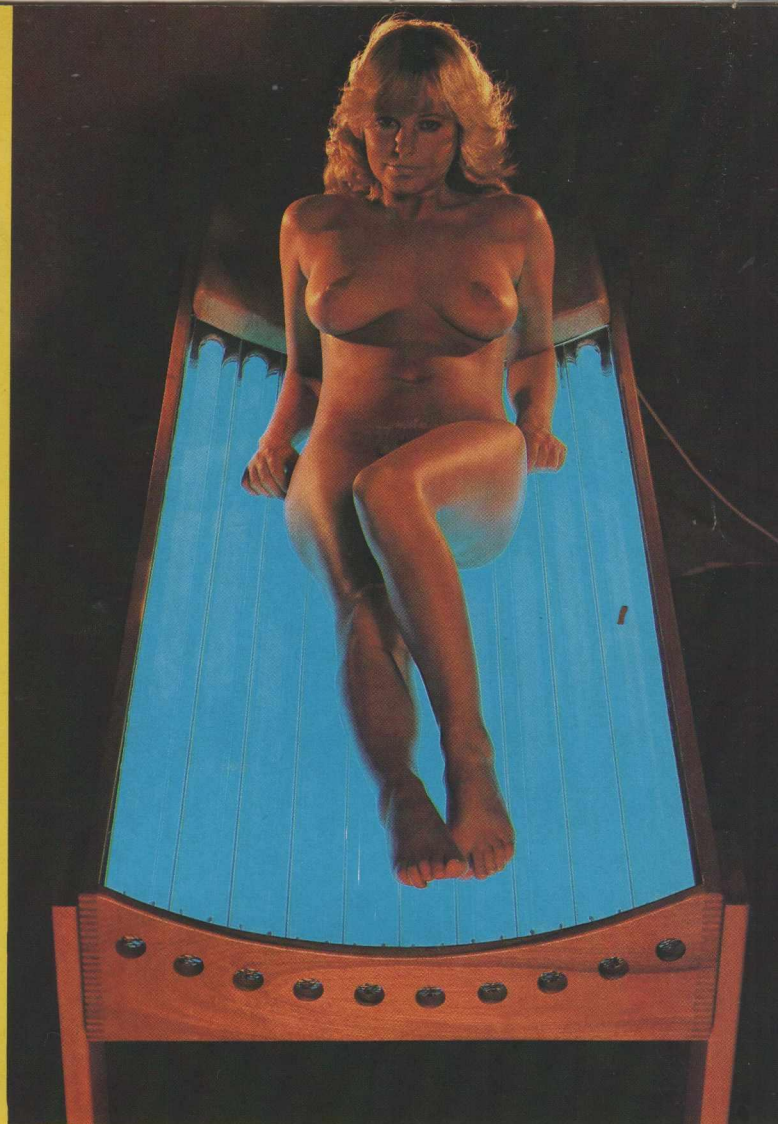
Sun worshipping has become more and more an international hobby—no, habit—and for naturists who take every opportunity to benefit from the feel of the sun and the warm air all over their naked forms, an even healthy tan is the candle on the cake.

Unfortunately, for those of us not able to fly off for a few days in the Mediterranean sun when the golden tan begins to fade, keeping that suntan has been a battle no one could win.

Yes, the beauty writer's tip of smoothing your body lovingly with *apres sol* lotions after sun-



# SUNTAN



We're not promising the figure, just the tan.



Get brown effortlessly with a double sun-bed.



# You humble belly button is enhanced by a softly rounded golden tummy!

bathing and carrying on the re-moisturising process after every bath or shower may have provided much pleasure for friends who do it together but in the long run nature must take its course.

Those outer layers of dead skin which have taken on the tan will eventually disappear down the plughole or onto the bath towel or simply disperse into the air about us, too fine for us even to notice.

At the end of the summer, when the sun's rays lengthen and weaken, it's not too much trouble to repair early evidence of a fading tan with a whole host of products. For instance the cosmetic cheats that helped us at the beginning of the summer to fake a tan so that ours wasn't the first pink bottom on the beach.

Quickly-tanning lotions soon impart a brown aura to the body provided they are applied evenly.

These tips and products are fine then for the lucky sunbather who has the sort of skin which responds favourably to the sun and turns from light golden to deep brown in no time at all.

But lurking beneath large hats, long sleeves and latherings of sun block creams on beaches everywhere this summer were thousands of frustrated would-be naturists.

The would love to strip. They would love to bare all to the elements and join in the fun and frolics. But just ten minutes of blazing sun would reduce them to lobster coloured agony.

A tan which gradually flakes and fades is quite acceptable. But a head to toe burn which peels like an old wallpaper exposing a tender new expanse of skin is best avoided. It does no one any favours.

What then is the solution? That is a solution at all has led to a new major sector of the beauty industry opening up.

Not only does it provide the answer—a dream come true—for most frustrated sunburners, but it provides an answer for the sunbather who wants a beautiful tan all the year round.

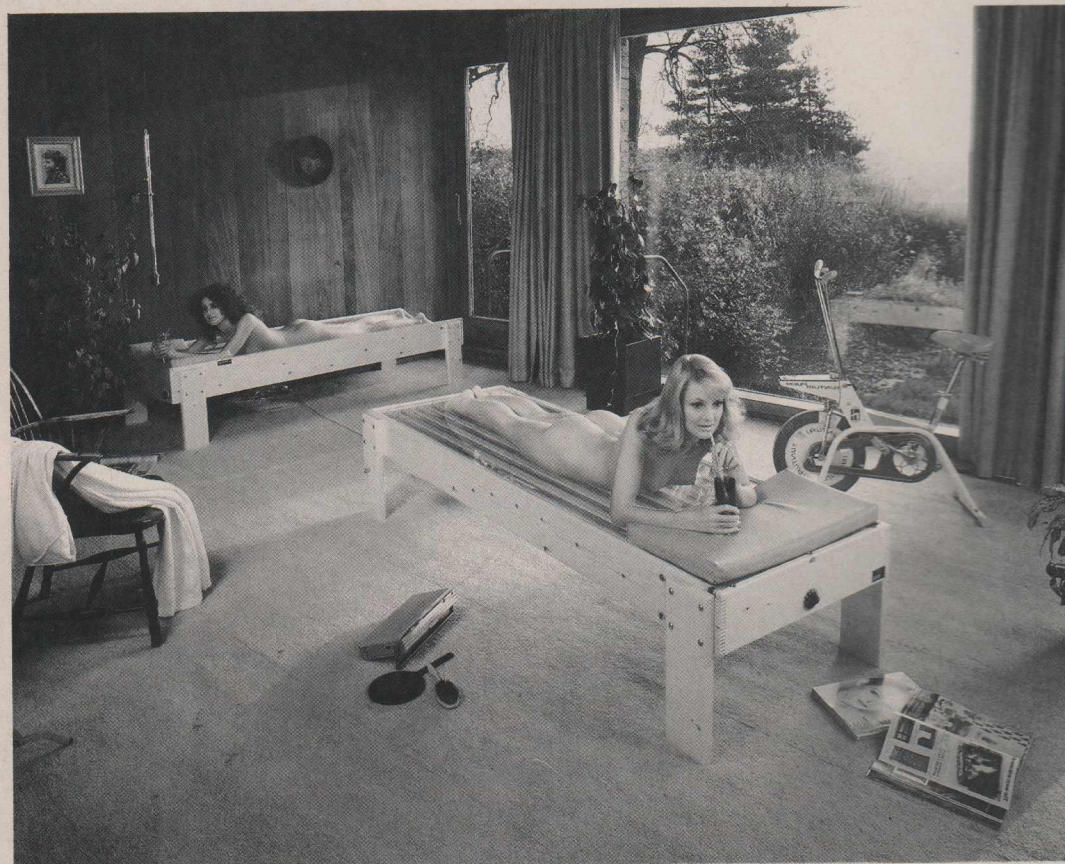
This miracle of modern technology is the sunbed. No, not the sunlamp or solarium. The sunbed.

The Victorians probably started the craze for sunbathing 'machines' in what they called solariums but what were really only greenhouses or conservatories.

What followed was the mercury arc lamp which got itself a bad reputation through being irresponsibly used thus producing injurious effects from the UVB



One painless way to get tanned from all sides at once.



Relax and chat to your friends, just as you would on the beach.

rays it projected.

If all this talk of UV-wotsits is foreign jargon to you, simply remember that UVB rays are the shorter, hotter rays of the sun. Scientific research over the past 15 years or so has proven, say the dermatologists, that these are harmful in that they age the skin and if allowed to penetrate in excess, cause permanent damage.

What the new sunbeds utilise are the UVA rays, the longer, gentler sunrays recreated in fluorescent tubes to give a gentler, slower and safer tan.

The early versions were nothing more than a box incorporating a few tubes of low UV output to produce UVA radiation.

It took so long to get yourself a tan, however, that the whole episode became a bit of a drag.

Progress brought in a bed with more tubes and higher output and the sessions needed to produce a tan dropped down to hourly ones.

That in itself would probably have kept most sunbathers happy. After all, an hour's rest in the peaceful surroundings of a beauty salon, health clinic or even hairdressers is a tonic in itself.



But here's where commercialism took over. After all, why service one client an hour when with a few modifications, you can put through three clients an hour or more? And, of course, not everyone has an hour to spare to gather their tan.

What followed was sunroofs so you could tan above and below at the same time. Smaller units for face only. And then, stand up units—sun bath cabinets.

Naturally, these contraptions are not sheer magic and you don't get a complete golden brown tan in one 15 minute session.

The idea is to book a course of treatments and how the course is conducted depends on your skin's response to the rays.

A lobster type who wails 'I've never had a suntan in my life, I always burn' will probably need to start the course with shorter terms of exposure and will probably never develop that deep brown colour but should be able to achieve a healthy golden glow.

A course could be anything from, say, half a dozen sessions to ten or a dozen. And you're likely to pay from around £3 upwards per session with savings if you book a course.

If you already have a tan but it's starting to fade, you may simply need to drop in every few weeks for a session or two.

The great thing is that it means you can have a tan all the year round and if you've never had one and feel it is now too late to start looking for natural sunshine this year, you can start on a sunbed.

If you are planning a late holiday abroad this year, it's better not to wait until you step out on foreign beaches before starting your tanning regime.

Some dermatologists believe that one or two week splurges in the hot sun are harmful because

you are exposing your skin to a red hot sun with no preparation.

Where do you find these sunbeds? At present most are situated in beauty salons, as a sideline to hairdressing salons, or in the few sun parlours which have opened up to specialise in tanning, often combined with sauna and similar health treatments.

Some sun clubs and sports clubs have them too.

When manufacturers have saturated the beauty and hair salons, sports, clubs, health clubs, sun clubs and similar markets, the next step will be for the local shop to put them on sale so that eventually the UK will follow the Continental trend of installing one in the home.

You can now buy yourself a six feet long tanning bed for £365 and it will only cost you around 3p an hour to use it so with those sort of figures, it's perhaps not beyond the realms of possibility.

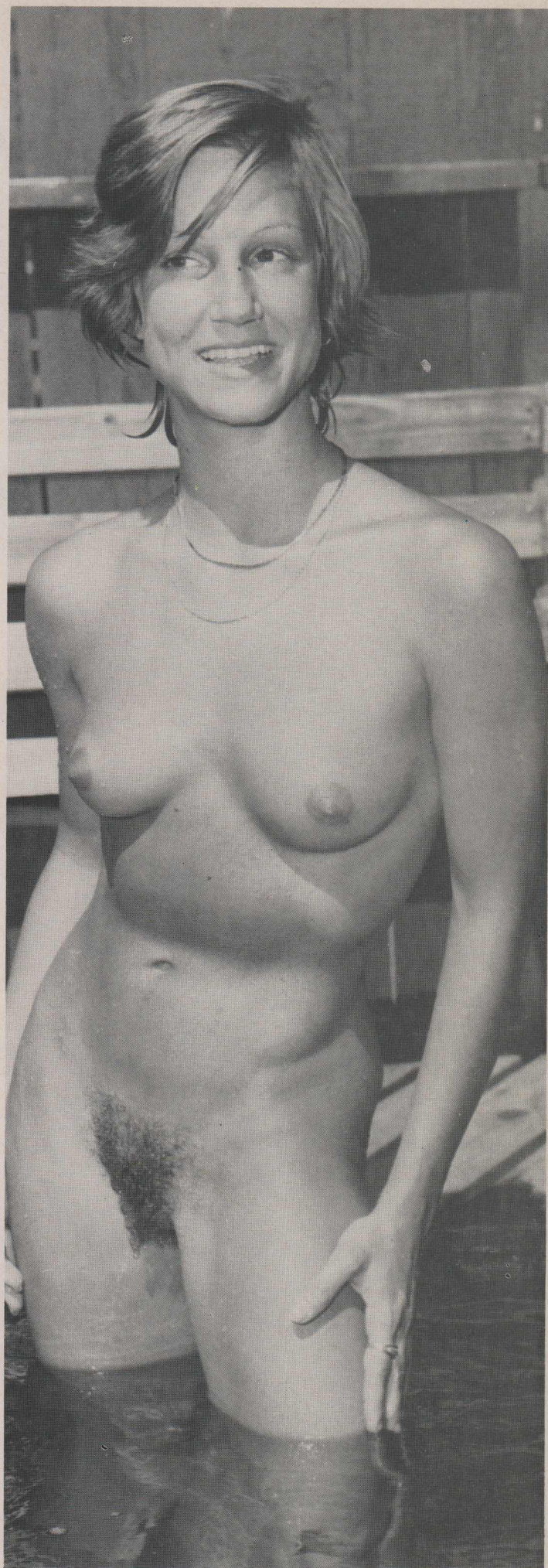
The only problem as far as buying your own sunbed could be the amount of space it takes up.

But if you've got the money, you can buy a model which tucks into a beautiful Chesterfield settee. Imagine spending your evening naked on your sunbed surrounded by luxurious hide and able to watch the telly at the same time!

If you decide to try this sort of tanning either to establish a tan or keep the one you've got, be sure you check that what you book for is a UVA sunbed and nothing else and that the person in charge is a trained operator.

The beds are probably the safest thing yet but not infallible, particularly if your skin is sensitive to the sun.

And don't forget that even if you use this safer, gentler method of tanning, you still need to keep your skin moisturised regularly to maintain that soft-touch skin with the healthy sheen.



Different skins need different tanning programmes.

You can hire a sun-bed at most modern saunas.







# GODDESS ON THE WALL

We are so often taken to task for publishing pictures of pretty girls in H.&E. The men say the girls are not 'true' naturists and the feminists think we are exploiting our models, which is impossible as they charge too much! But our Assistant Editor, herself a woman, has a completely new way of looking at things.

IT has been claimed, usually by old gentlemen, that women in the nude are not really feminine. Apparently it takes frilly dresses and lacy underwear to make a woman truly female. What nonsense! Our clothes are merely the product of the culture we live in.

What makes a woman female is her ability to bear and nurture children. No honest person can claim otherwise.

Throughout history women have been revered for this ability. The earliest prehistoric remains are little statuettes of women with their breasts and genitals large and emphasised. To primitive man, reproduction was mysterious and magical.

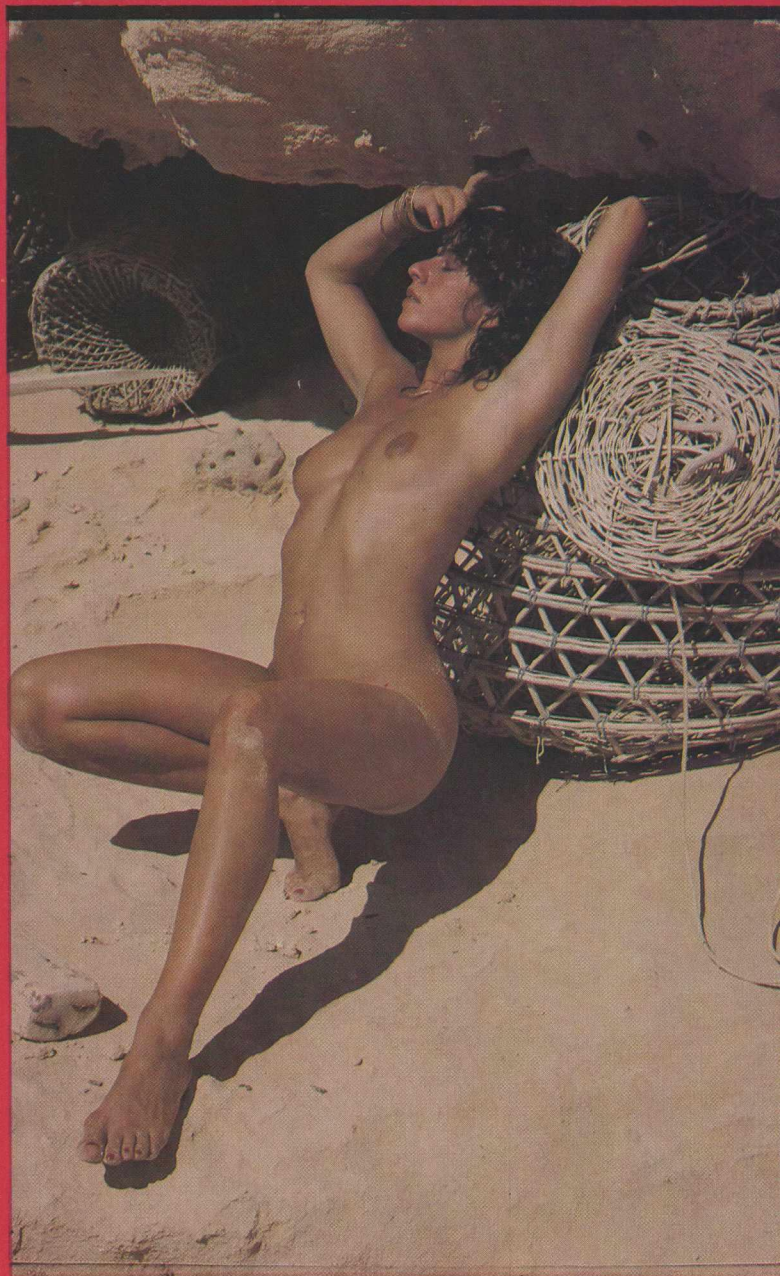
Then we moved into Christianity and our goddess got dressed. Even more magically, she bore a child

without the pleasure of the act of love. But she was still undoubtedly a mother, and pictures of Mary and Jesus are hung on the walls of many homes—while 'pin-ups' have been hung on walls for generations.

You may not like my analogy but deep-down, nothing has changed in man's adoration of woman as a sexual being.

Now we are leaving hypocrisy behind. The pretty girls of H. & E., nude and with their sexuality revealed, are having their pictures pinned on the wall, or kept as icons. Degrading women? No, glorifying them.

What could be more glorious than the image of womanhood as presented in these pictures, and the one overleaf?



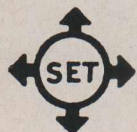




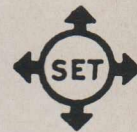








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HOLIDAY PROGRAMME OF SEE EUROPE TOURS WILL IN FUTURE BE  
MARKETED UNDER THE NAME OF**

## **EDEN HOLIDAYS**



**THE 1981 PROGRAMME WILL  
INCLUDE OUR ESTABLISHED  
RESORTS WITH MANY  
EXCITING ADDITIONS. SEND  
NOW FOR OUR FULLY  
ILLUSTRATED 1981 SUMMER  
BROCHURE.**

★ FRANCE ★ SPAIN ★ GREECE ★ YUGOSLAVIA ★ ISRAEL ★ CANADA  
★ JAMAICA ★ U.S.A. & HAWAII

AS ADVERTISED IN 'BRITISH NATURISM' CCBN







January. Dark, cold and wet outside? Why not try some indoor photography? It's easier than you think. All you need is a camera, and Murray James suggests, a small automatic, electronic flashlight. You can even put yourself in the picture, so go on, be a flasher—photographically speaking, of course.

# Indoor Camera Fun

**J**ANUARY. Nothing for a naturist to photograph? Perhaps not outdoors, unless you live in the southern hemisphere. But even here winter always brings its crop of hardy extroverts jumping around in the snow.

So what about indoors? Some time ago we had a spate of pictures—self portraits I suppose you could call them—where everything went wrong.

Some readers would set themselves up in front of a mirror, others would rest the camera on a piece of furniture, others would leave it on the floor with the self-timer working and hope for the best. Needless to say, nearly all were Polaroid shots.

Nearly all went wrong. Some bodies were neatly cut off at the chest or even waist. Some shots showed a fine pair of legs and the bathroom door.

Today, nearly every serious amateur owns a small electronic flashlight. They are cheap enough. Now, if you are interested in indoor work, I recommend you use this flash. One will do for a start, but two are better. There is another interesting little gadget you can use. It's called the 'slave' and is a tiny, electronic marvel which you can attach to a flash—your second flash. When the first fires, the 'slave' obediently fires the second. No wires, no hands and it is quite cheap to buy.



## PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £12, Second £8 and Third £5. They are **Female Beauty, Group Pictures and Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Nativist subject. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also, we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Remember, we have now switched to colour. You can send us colour prints or transparencies, black and white are no longer required. Prints are not returned. Slides are, if you enclose postage.

The second essential is a firm resting place for your camera. This means a tripod. The polished top of a piece of furniture is hopeless. Oh, and I nearly forgot, you need someone to photograph.

Right, all set to go. Let us start with just the one flashlight. Hopefully you will have bought yourself one of the electronic automatic type. The instructions will tell you what f stop to use and with flash it is the f stop that matters not the shutter speed. Only one small thing to check first and that is to see that you are using the right shutter speed if your camera has a focal plane shutter. This will usually be 1/60 of a second. Some few cameras allow you to use a faster speed.

Now arrange your model. It is important to choose the right background. And sometimes that is difficult. Too light or too dark a background should be avoided. And keep clear if you can of highly patterned wallpaper. Since you are likely to be messing around a lot, make sure your model is comfortable. An easy chair perhaps.

Now what about your film? Since you will be using flashlight, this is easy. You use daylight film. I'm assuming your into colour. So you will use just the same film you would outdoors on a sunny day. There is no call for a particularly fast film. I'm quite happy with Ektachrome 64 ASA.

Set your camera up directly in

front of your model. But don't get too close or you will introduce distortions. You know the sort of thing. A nose appearing far too big for the face.

Now where do we place the flash? Hold it in one hand with a long enough connecting lead to let you hold your arm out to full length.

From here on I could continue to give precise instructions, but I would prefer another approach. You must experiment. But experiment in a controlled way. Make a note of where you held the flash for each exposure. You can hold the flash out to one or other side of the camera. You can hold it level with the camera. Slightly higher—even slightly lower. But whatever you do keep a number of shots for bounce flash.

What is this? Just what it says. Instead of pointing the flash directly at the subject, point it at the ceiling about half way between you and the model. Or sit the model in a corner and 'bounce' the flash off the wall. But first of all switch the flash from automatic to manual. Again you should experiment and make a note of each shot, what you did and how you used the flash.

Bouncing the flash gives you a more diffused effect. Using this technique means you can often get away with one flashlight and no harsh shadows.

Finally, put yourself in the picture. Look carefully through the viewfinder of your camera (on a tripod, of course) and note on the wall how high the picture reaches. Make sure the area covered is more than just enough to include your head. Support your flash by whatever means are at hand, set the self-timer, and make a controlled dash for the seat.

If you have kept careful notes of all your exposures then when you have the film processed you will know exactly what to do for the best results in the future.

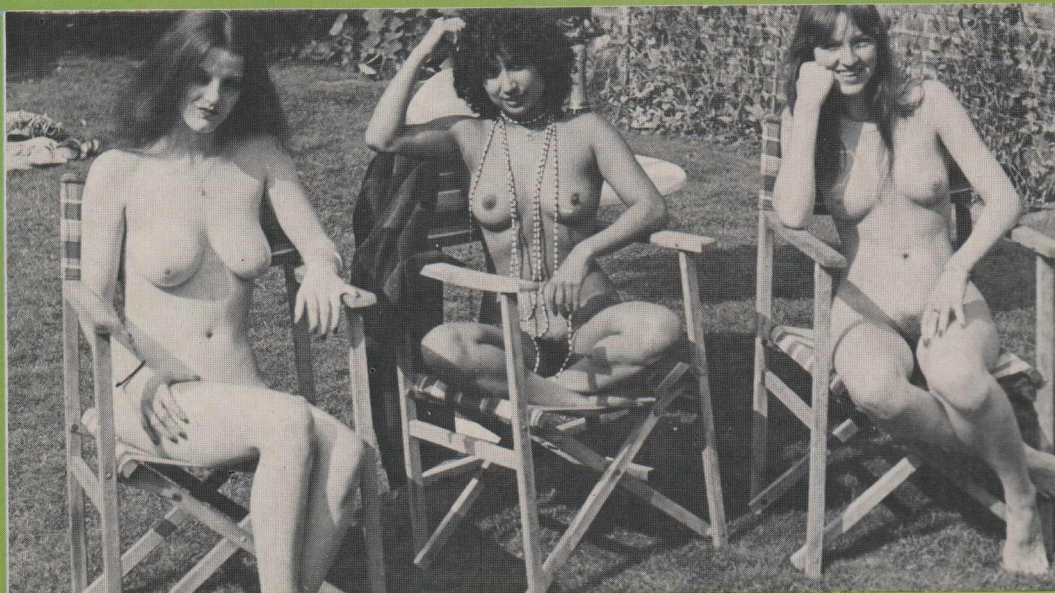
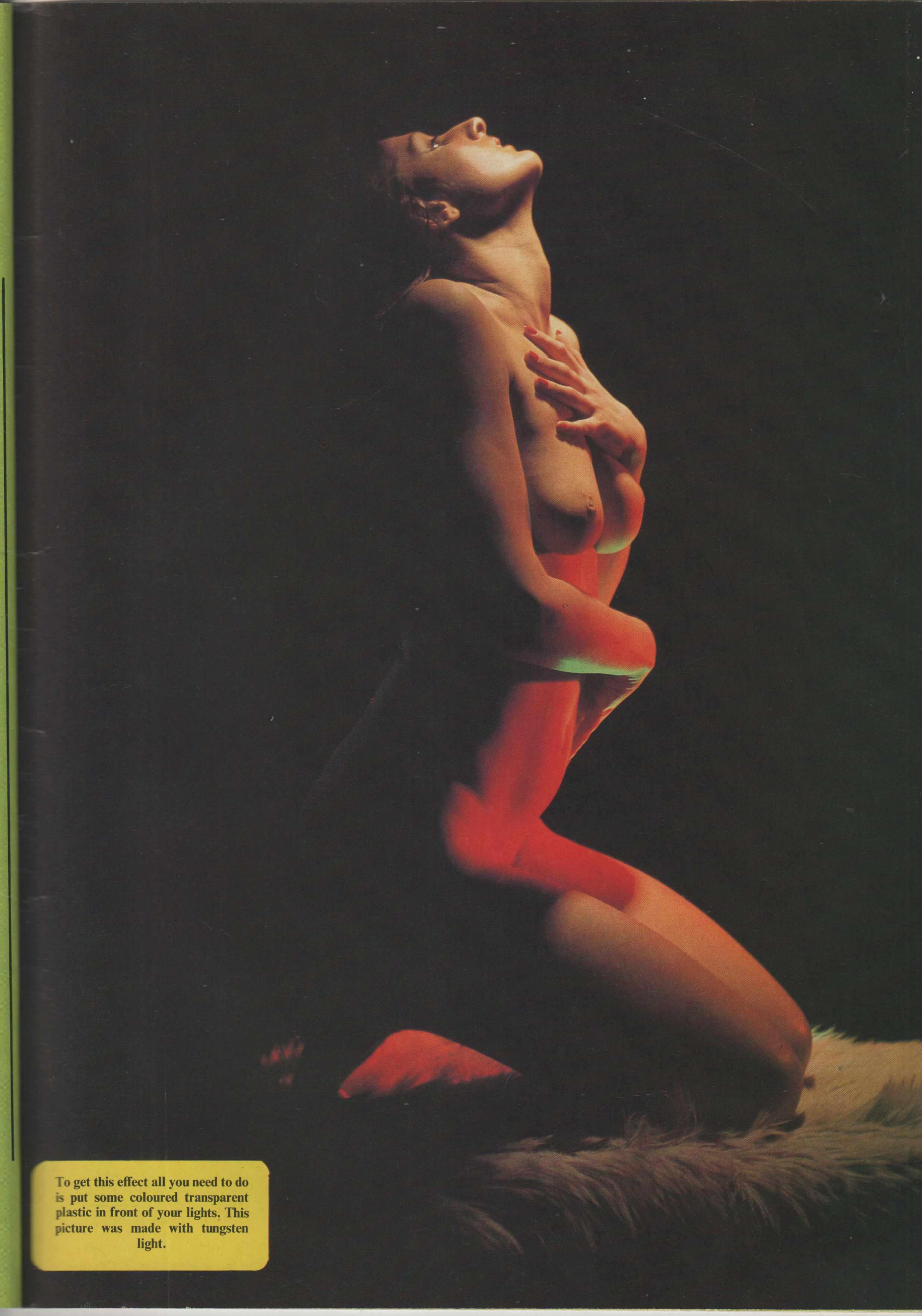


Photo Club models take a break from their work at Bury St. Edmunds.







To get this effect all you need to do is put some coloured transparent plastic in front of your lights. This picture was made with tungsten light.



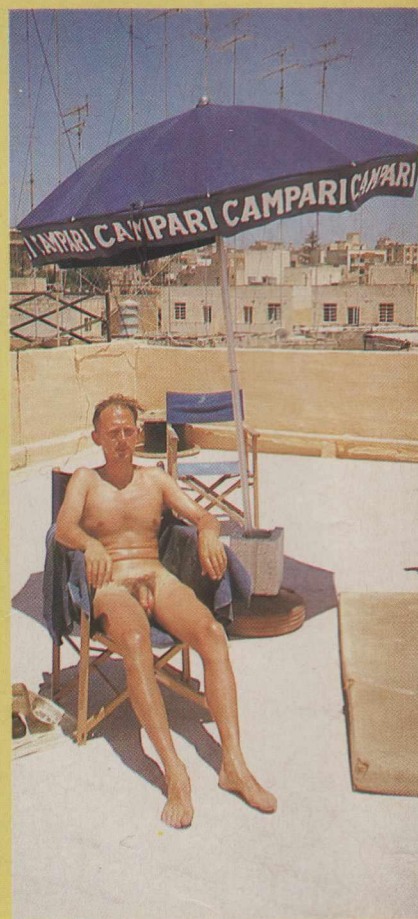
# Male Nude



**FIRST** above Peter Goodwell of London takes up a pose beside the swimming pool at Eureka, and the photographer takes first prize.



**SECOND** above was sent to us by Mr. Jeal and



**THIRD** above comes from Holland and was taken in Malta. Congratulations to Mr. R. Broekstra.

## £75 A MONTH FOR YOU

**R**EADERS will have noticed that our competition has gone over to colour. Send us your colour prints or transparencies. Your name and address must be on every print or slide, and you must have the subject's permission for publication. Prizes in each section are first £12, second £8 and third £5. Because we have just started colour we are short of pictures in every section, but especially in men and groups.

To this month's winners. First in the female beauty section and £12 goes to Mr. Green of Newark, for this delightful picture taken at Holkham free beach. Look at the impact that yellow towel makes. Just this prop takes it into the winners slot. Deciding between second and third was difficult. Eventually I gave second to Wolfgang Hofmann of Kaufbeuren, for his picture of the girl in the sea. Third was picked up by Mr. R. J. Elphick of Lewes, for a very pleasant club-like picture. I liked the action especially and

the good lighting in the shadow parts of the figure.

Now for the groups. First prize goes to Mr. A. D. Carpenter of Winchester, for his picture taken on Lady Jane Beach near Sydney, Australia. Second goes to Peter Walker of Sevenoaks, for his shot of Valley Club members and third goes to Hazel Webster of North Wales for her picture taken at Serignan naturist resort in the south of France.

Finally the men. First prize goes to the picture of Phillip taken at Eureka Club near London. Second goes to Mr. G. Geal of Enfield, and third to Mr. R. Brockstra of Holland. Look how I've awarded prizes. The largest image wins first, the second largest second and so on. The one constant fault readers make is to stand so far back from their subject that it is reproduced very small in the picture. Now since most entries are on 35mm material this means very small indeed. For the best results get in close.



**FIRST** above goes to Mr. Green. He took this picture at Holkham beach in Norfolk.



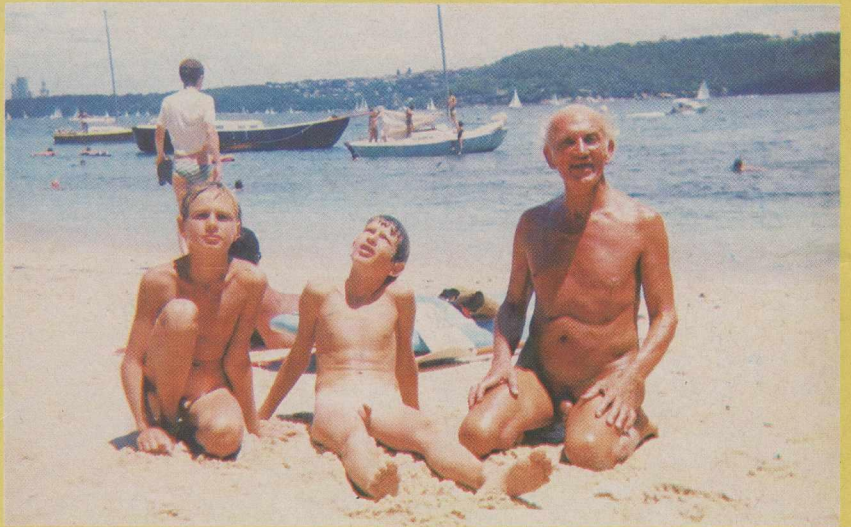
# READERS' PHOTO CONTEST

## Groups

**FIRST** right a colour print from Mr. A. D. Carpenter of The Moors near Winchester. It shows Lady Jane Beach near Sydney, Australia.

**SECOND**, centre right, was sent to us by Peter Walker who took the picture at the Valley Club, England.

**THIRD** below goes to Hazel Webster for the picture taken at Serignan, France.



## Female Form



**SECOND** above goes to Wolfgang Hofmann who took the picture we know not where and,

**THIRD** above goes to Mr. Elphick for this pleasant study of a lass on a sun club lawn.



## LETTER OF THE MONTH

**E**ARLIER this year I spent a delightful week with a naturist family in Somerset who take naturist guests. There were four male and one female guest, the lady bringing her dog. Our hosts had done a very good job of hedging and screening part of the garden and building a swimming pool.

With all the work they have the gardens where guests could relax doing some work, weeding, cutting, etc.

Two of the guests, I being one, were interested in gardening so we set to and worked on the garden and were joined by the other guests. We all did a good clearing up job I think. We did wear gloves, and alas shoes, as there were brambles to be cut down and some nettles, otherwise we worked in the nude. I don't say we got an overall tan. My back got most of that! When we got hot we had a dip in the pool. The dog was keen to play with his ball and one had to endure a cold wet ball being thrust against one's body now and then in an effort by the dog to get us to play ball with him!

We all enjoyed our week there and would like to go back there again. It was a good example of

how a garden can be screened to enable the occupants to enjoy their naturism at home.

E. D. Ferrier

48 Lansdowne Park,  
Scorrier, Redruth,  
Cornwall.

### FROM IRELAND

**I** HAVE just finished reading your latest Quarterly and I must say how interesting and thought-

provoking it is. Your articles were most informative and the overall quality really excellent.

For some time now both my wife and myself (we're in our mid-twenties) have been drawn towards the ideals of naturism. We do whenever possible, sunbathe nude, usually by a river or a lake. Our three young children do likewise and the effect of nudity and its total freedom is unbelievable.

By living here in Ireland we can't help but envy the freedom of our counterparts in the United Kingdom and Europe. We do not know of any naturist beaches. However, if one drives along the west coast of Ireland there is mile upon mile of unspoilt, uninhabited beaches. In this respect we are quite lucky, but it's the feeling of sharing the glorious sunshine and environment that one misses.

Regrettably your publication is not available at bookshops, the copy I had was passed to me by a friend. Have you ever done a feature on naturism in Ireland? If so I should be interested to see it, although not many people know about it there is a lot of it about.

Please write back soon!

Ian Parker

County Galway,  
Ireland.

(Maggie Stillwell wrote about Ireland last summer. But you must have noticed by now that we are now on sale in Ireland?—Ed.)

### LADY'S CONVERSION

**I**F expense was no object I would no doubt find Florida a good place to visit and was pleased to read the report by Jane Barry. I was also impressed by her account of her conversion to nudism in earlier times as it closely resembles my own experience. Once upon a time I would have been the last person to take off my bra and knickers and sunbathe nude but the glorious summer of '76 soon changed all that when someone suggested a visit to Watford.

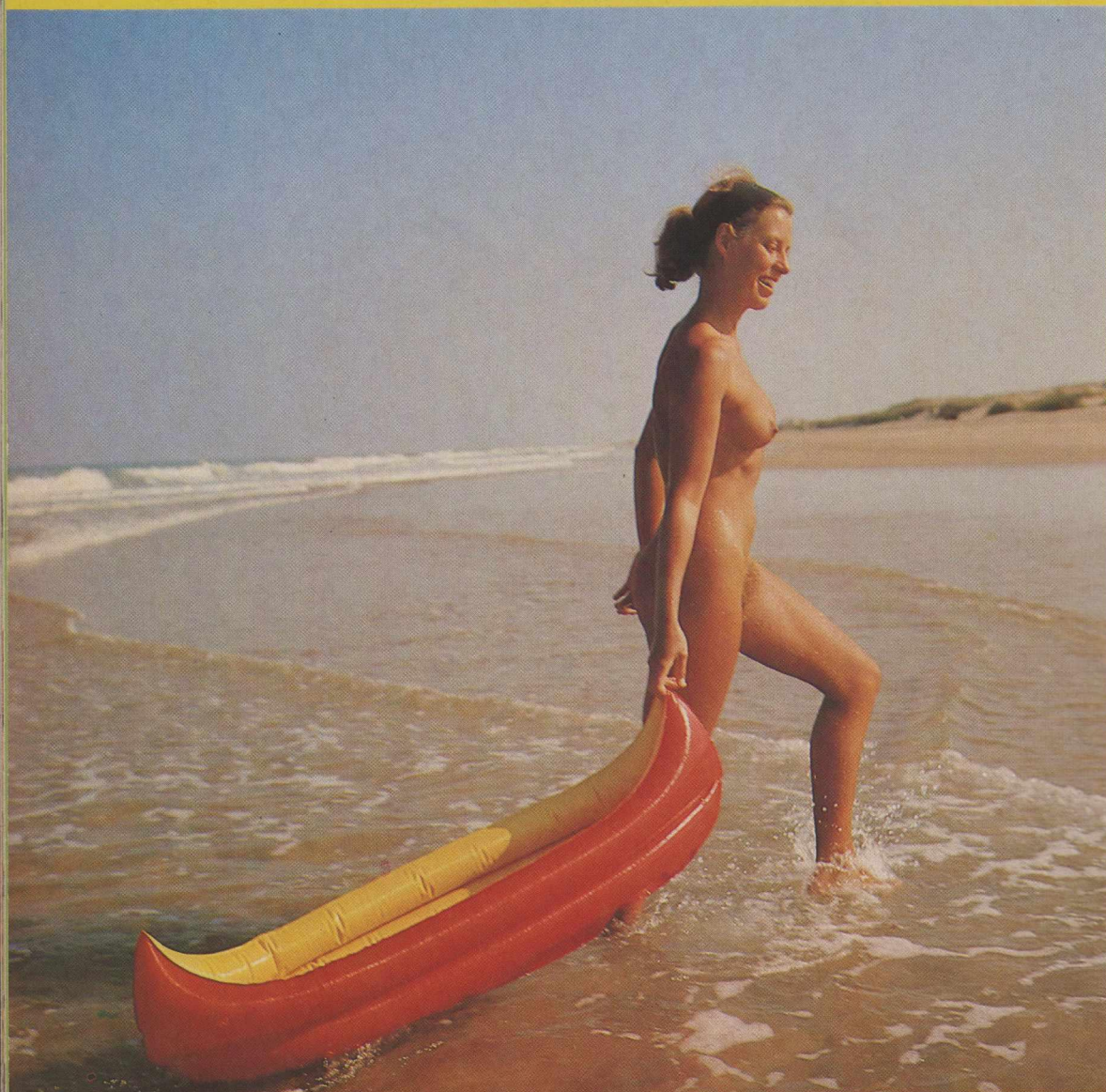
Even though it was so hot I reluctantly took off my dress, slip and tights and even more hesitantly removed my bra. It was ages before I finally slipped off my knickers and found how enjoy-

# Readers Letters



addressed to 'Health & Efficiency'  
23-24 SMITHFIELD STREET,  
LONDON EC1

We ask our readers to be patient if their letter has not yet appeared. We get more letters than we can possibly publish. Type your letters if you can! Be prepared to give your name as we want to phase out anonymous letters. Remember that we give a £5 prize for the letter we choose as the 'Letter of the Month'. So if you've got something special to say—let's hear it!





able it was to walk around with nothing on. I later went nearly every weekend and only wore a button-through dress that made changing much easier than on the first occasion. These shirt-dresses also proved to be very comfortable during the week with just the addition of suspender tights to give some appearance of being well-dressed—until I was able to go on holiday to Agde and go shopping in a manner that I ironically thought would have got me arrested in our local supermarket! Since then I have been one of Madame Oltra's regular customers but now seek new pastures.

Mrs. V. Written

Woodley,  
Reading.

### MADE WELCOME

**I** DO feel that I should sit down and send this letter because there is an experience that I feel I have to share with my fellow nudists.

I just recently returned from one of the local camps that I had never visited before and with any new experience one is inclined to be rather shy.

Fortunately for me upon arrival at this camp, I was greeted with one of the warmest receptions that I think that I have ever had in my life.

The club membership consists of approximately six hundred and since the day was so sunny and warm I am sure that at least four hundred of the members were milling around the grounds.

Each and every person that I encountered that day made me feel that I was as welcome as the sun itself, which affected and moved me in so much as first I am single and I do know just how some people react to that situation, and secondly, I am part of a minority which I do not feel is necessary to mention just which one.

I think for the first time since I decided to become a nudist this has been one of the greatest experiences yet and as long as I live I shall remember it.

I have always felt that we as nudists are special anyway and the common interest we share made us even closer as people, but this experience topped it all.

I really do urge any single person, whatever race or colour or their minor set backs and refusals to just keep on trying and maybe one day with a little patience and perseverance they too shall end up just as fortunate as I to have finally found a new 'home'.

Phil Bowie

Ontario,  
Canada.



### SINGULAR POSSIBILITY

**I**'M a single male! At present I abide in Germany in the forces. Unfortunately, as a stranger in a foreign clime my outlets for naturism are to say the least, restricted.

During the summer, at weekends, I can take off on the train to the coast, where the beaches are numerous and well-marked, and single males are not frowned upon. Here I can enjoy all the freedoms of naturism.

But what of the winter months? Problem solved. With a couple of friends and a car, we head for one of the local 'bads'. A bad is the German equivalent of a spa and there are many in Germany. Unlike our spas, these are well-developed health areas, and here they have saunas.

The sauna I attend is a family one and covers some large expanse of ground. It consists of two hot rooms, both capable of housing twenty people, a solarium area, two dip pools and a large swimming pool fed by the spa. It is frequented by men, women, boys and girls, and single men. The Germans laugh when people wear bathing costumes, because once inside the hot rooms the costume burns and is soon shed along with any inhibitions.

Not only nudists use the sauna as costume marks are visible but I expect that the sauna does much to encourage nudism. I'll be sorry to leave Germany soon, but my holiday in Agde this year, again as a single, will hopefully lead me to hearing about free-thinking clubs in England which I may

attend. Perhaps one day in the near future saunas in the UK will go nude and accept that a bathing costume or tightly wrapped towel is definitely no-go.

All the best Germany, I hope you don't change.

J. T. Bourne

BFPO 160.

*(You'll find far more nude saunas now in the UK.—Ed.)*

### HAIRS AND SUN

**T**HERE are other explanations why a person as me should shave his or her hair, even pubic. Fear of getting sunburnt!

I can assure you that it is not easy to suffer from hairs of arms and legs, etc., mingling with pieces of irritated red skin!





As you can guess I am a blond-haired one and therefore 'gifted' with a very sensitive skin!

Secondly, I like to feel smooth skin when I am getting older.

On the Ile du Levant I never experienced any look or remark about letting my penis dangle without protecting hairs.

Congratulations for so many splendid photographs, however, one can often see that the models are behaving a bit artificially.

J. R. Hamme

Belgium.

*(Surely your sunburn is worse if you shave?—Ed.)*

#### BEACH EXPERIENCE

I AM of working class origin and work outside most of the time for British Rail. In the warm weather I take most of my clothes off and enjoy what the Lord gives us.

We went on strike recently and rather than demonstrate I went to the West Beach of Littlehampton. It was 6 a.m., the sun was up and a light breeze was blowing. I found a grassy dune, stripped off and enjoyed the tranquillity. About 10 a.m. a couple came along and also sunbathed.

Then it started, men all over the

place, passing remarks or just jeering, the men went past this couple about 30 or 40 times.

I got dressed and went on, where I found an elderly man and his family, he said hello and we got talking. In chatting I forgot about my body—later I was red raw. It wasn't the sun, but the wind. The beach is ideal, except for the remarks and sightseers.

I would like to see a naturist island, I know of one such place, its high above Scotland. I know that if I won the Pools I would buy it for us naturists.

I hope you can read my letter

because I'm a lousy speller and writer.

Alan Atkinson

14 Helyers Green,  
Littlehampton,  
West Sussex.

*(Don't worry about that, Alan. Just keep doing the Pools!—Ed.)*

#### WHAT A LIFE!

WITH all this reference to free beaches in Europe I might point out that here in Canada we have our fair share of beaches also.

Where I live in Uclvelet BC (that's on the west coast of Vancouver Island) the Pacific Ocean is a two-minute walk from my home. For the next twenty miles to the west there are large extended sandy beaches. Further up the coast, only accessible by boat or airplane is a natural sulphur hot spring. To the east is Barclay Sound with its some hundred or more islands, but alas again, only accessible by boat. So as you can see, I live in the middle of fifty miles of beaches with all the privacy you could ask for.

Since most tourists travel here by car, most nudists may be found on Wreckbeach or Chestermans beach, with all the textiles at Long Beach. But as the weather here is so changeable, I take every opportunity I can to enjoy the sun. Sometimes I even work in the nude.

Now you might ask 'What sort of job has he got?' I am an ambulance attendant for a major logging company and I spend every day sitting beside a beach at a large fresh-water lake enjoying the sun, reading H. & E., and listening to the two-way radio.

Every weather-permitting weekend my wife and I go nude camping or touring in the islands with our boat and our friends from the city. This is a fishing and scuba diving paradise, so if you are looking for good holiday places don't by-pass western Canada too quickly.

Every two years we travel to England to visit the wife's family at Southend-on-Sea and now, thanks to the maps and directions in H. & E. we have directions to some nude beaches over there.

F. Race

Uclvelet BC,  
Canada.

#### CIRCULAR ARGUMENT

I AM 58 years old, a widow, with what might be described as an over-ripe figure, and yet at the various sun clubs and resorts like Agde and Serignan I have visited, I would not and have not ever felt out of place. I'm fully aware that my breasts swing lower than they did, my nipples stick



# How to Write for H&E

**T**HERE'S only one way to write for a naturist magazine—naturally!

The most brilliant conversationist can sit down with a pen in his hand and 'can't write a word'. He's self-conscious because he was taught at school to write 'essays' and compositions.

So try to write as you talk. Or get a tape-recorder and chatter into it as though you were telling your best friend about your experiences. Then write it down later.

We don't want to give you too many rules; we want your writing to be unstilted and to express your character. All the same, remember to keep your sentences short. Use language and grammar that everyone can understand. Don't pontificate, preach or lay down the law. If you create long and flowery phrases of which you are particularly fond, strike them out immediately!

Start at the beginning and carry on sensibly until you reach the end. Put in plenty of conversation. Let us know where you went, how you got there and what it was like. We're broad-minded at H. & E. If you found your naturist experience disagreeable, tell us about it. We may not agree, but we do enjoy a good discussion!

Have you heard about our competition? We're offering £100 first prize for the best story about a naturist holiday. Make it original and include photographs (black and white and colour transparencies) of yourself if possible.

We'll send your manuscript and photos back if you want them, but we do reserve the right to publish any runners-up. These will receive our standard publication fee of £35. The closing date is 1st April, 1981. You can write in any language and if you feel you need help write to our Editor for a copy of his 'Notes for the Guidance of Authors'. His address is: 3 Hallgate, Blackheath Park, London SE3 9SG.

out like dark-brown thumbs at their first meeting with the open air, my bottom and tummy are creased and my genital's lips protrude from whatever thickness I allow my pubic hair to grow. So what? I've seen many like me in

the last 15 years since I turned to naturism after my husband's untimely death.

Now this is not the impression H. & E. gives. Any newcomer turning to your pages would think the majority of us are under 35 and with figures of near film star proportions.

Now I take your point about the lack of naturist material but what about just asking nicely? I'm sure you'd get plenty of volunteers of all ages only too willing to display their pride in their bodies.

I can hear you saying, 'Well, what about you?' Darling editor, I'd love to, except that I supervise an office full of spotty-faced clerks who still, despite the hard porn, soft porn and middle porn on sale nowadays, still buy H. & E. for a cheap thrill. My appearance in your pages would hardly reinforce my position of authority.

No, dear editor, I think you should try harder to recreate the image of naturists as ordinary people who believe in what they're doing and don't just drop their clothes for the cash. Just ordinary folk, a little overweight, and not glamorous to the point where it becomes plastic.

Doris Hughes  
Berkshire.

## PRAISE

**C**OULD I please convey to you how much I enjoyed my recent holiday at Eureka. Everyone was

so helpful and friendly that I felt I was leaving home when I had to come back up to Scotland. I will certainly be back down again at the first opportunity to visit the lovely county of Kent. I feel that the naturist movement owes a great deal to that intrepid fellow Mr. Mark Wilson. I have waited two years to write this letter and I wish H. & E. many more years of publication.

J. R. Allander

Whitburn,  
West Lothian.

(Our sentiments exactly!—Ed.)

## REQUEST

**J**UST to let you know I enjoy your magazine very much.

I was wondering—it would be nice to see the photo that you have on the front cover repeated on the inside without spoiling it covering in writing and in some cases, the yellow flash. In colour, of course.

D. Brook

(What do other readers think?—Ed.)

## SEXUALITY

**A**S a first-time reader of Vol. 81, No. 5, I congratulate Susan Mayfield on the forthrightness and frankness of her article on sexuality. This open and un-

blinkered approach has great merit.

W. Morris's letter in the same issue makes clear that sexuality cannot be hidden in the corner or anywhere else and it seems quite invidious to discriminate between single and married males. Every male is responsive to certain stimuli, albeit involuntarily and I venture to suggest that some of the posed photographs in which couples are featured demonstrate a degree of arousal.

It is surely not the intention that male membership of clubs should be dependent on being married, having ideal measurements or meeting Susan Mayfield's criteria re vital statistics, on which subject I am ignorant, not having seen previous issues.

I support W. Morris's plea for more natural photographs where males are permitted to react as normal human beings without shame or fear of banishment. Perhaps Susan Mayfield would like to comment.

62 Ormonde Drive D. R. Burt  
Glasgow

[Yes, I would! Non-naturists never understand that male naturists just do not get aroused, however many naked women there are about. As we wish to represent naturism as it is, and not pander to the fantasies of chaps who see arousal in normal naturist photographs, we shall continue our pictorial policy as before.—S.M.]





## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

in Health & Efficiency costs 25p per word—minimum charge £6.00 per insertion, with a minimum 3 insertions. Box Numbers count as two words and cost an extra 50p to cover administration and postage. All advertisements must be prepaid and sent to:

**Advertising Manager,**

**Peenhill Ltd.,**

**23-24 SMITHFIELD STREET,  
LONDON E.C.1.**

We regret the increase in costs but, for many years we have been offering this service and, with constantly increasing costs, it is not possible for us to absorb these increased overheads. The rates, though, are still very competitive—and a good value for money.

The Publishers reserve the right to refuse advertisements without explanation.

Classified—7 weeks prior to publication.

Display—7 weeks prior to publication. If artwork supplied, 7 weeks prior to publication, 9 weeks if not.

All replies to Box Numbers should be addressed to: 'Health & Efficiency',  
**23-24 SMITHFIELD STREET,  
LONDON E.C.1.**

**Naturist Youth Group (age 16-27)** welcomes newcomers. Naturist weekends, holidays, social meetings, etc. State age, interests. Photo appreciated—returned. Literature 4 x 12p stamps. —Box No. 1798.

**Enjoy Sunbathing** at Yorkshire's finest Naturist Club, Valley Club, near Harrogate S.A.E. 10p for details to: Valley Club, Box No. 1830 c/o H & E.

**Male Naturist, London**, modern house, garden (nude sunbathing) required male lodger (16-25). Low-cost short stays also available. Please send personal details, age, interests, photo. —Box No. 1866.

**Young Man** seeks companion and rendezvous for occasional private nudist evenings. London area preferred. Photo and age please. —Box No. 1862.

**International Family Nudist 1980 Yearbook** Glorifying families with children, secundum naturam. Other parents and reputable photographers please write: Marc and Linda, 5229 Grand, Downers, IL, 60515, USA.

**Fast, Careful Processing Service** for naturist and confidential colour films. Confidentiality guaranteed always. C D S Photoservices, 34 High Street, Welwyn, Hertfordshire. (S.A.E. for lists please).

**Central London Amateur Photographer** seeks young guy for naturist photos. Not for publication. Experience unnecessary. Please send photos and details. —Box No. 1863.

**Make Friends All Over The World** — International Correspondence Club — write to (S.A.E.): Lisa's Letterbox, 22 Montpelier Road, London W5, England.

**Nial Reynolds** relaxes, reduces tension, increases happiness, through natural deep relaxation. 15 Minute Relaxation Cassette, six different sessions £5.75. Sold worldwide, leaflet free. Dr. N. Reynolds PhD., Dept. HE, 408 London Road South, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR33 0BH.

**Young Naturist Couple** would like to swap nude/naturist/glamour five photos/slides with other couples with similar interests. — Please write enclosing prints/slides to Box No. 1857.

**Unhurried Massage and Deep Relaxation** is an art. For comfort and privacy visit a fully qualified Masseuse, aged 49, in her peaceful London flat. —Box No. 1858.

**Quiet Single Guy (23)** seeks young lady 17-23 for close friendship in Horsham (Sussex) area. Own car. Send recent photo, returned. — Full details Box No. 1874.

**Male (27) 6f** (Interests: cycling, swimming, naturism). Seeks female under 30, to share interest. Possible marriage. London area. — Box No. 1870.

**Young Naturist Couple (29-34)** forming small youth group invite new members 16-21 both sexes. Social meetings, swimming, sauna parties, music and general fun. 1 x 12p for reply. — Box No. 1876.

**Ibiza**, Sunbathing paradise. Furnished Villa with three bedrooms and Flats for sale. — Apartado 276, Sta Eulalia, Ibiza, or 'phone Maidenhead 71315 for info.

**Vacancies Families and Couples**. Regular naturist swimming, sauna and leisure centre activities. — Application by letter only (S.A.E.), Chester Naturist Club, 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

**P.I.P.P. (Personal Introductions for Professional People)** offers a specialised and selective introduction service for professional and executive people. — For details send S.A.E. to P.I.P.P., P.O. Box 1, West Kirby, Merseyside D48 3LA.

**Wrestling with loneliness**. Intimate, discreet friendship introductions. Nationwide service. — Details from: Gemini (HE), Gads Hill/Waterside Lane, Gillingham, Kent.

**Couple** would like to correspond and exchange naturist photo's with anyone. — Write to Robbert and Mona Broekstra, Beukelaan 2, 2803 SN Gouda, Holland.

**Attractive young lady** is looking for photographer willing to take some photographs of her. South Somerset/Dorset area. — Box No. 1853.

**Sail a Square Rigger to the Sun**. Naturist cruises from £78.00 p.w., no experience necessary. — Apply Natist Cruises, P.O. Box 22, Southampton SO9 7BL.

**Come to North Devon Club** for your sunbathing holiday this year. Full board and accommodation. Bedrooms fitted H & C. Huts in grounds. T.V., Hard Court for Miniten. Natural lake in woodland setting. Self-catering Caravans to let. Camping on level grassland. Local members welcomed. — Illustrated brochure and tariff send two 12p stamps to Secretary, North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon.

**Surrey Downs Sun Club**. Couples and Families welcome. — Contact Membership Secretary, 80A Brox Road, Ottershaw, Surrey. Please enclose 4 x 10p stamps.

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**Young amateur photographer**, seeks boy models, beginners preferred, photo please and age. Also any unwanted photos, mags, books, will return if required. — Box No. 1881.

**International Family Nudist 1980 Yearbook**: Glorifying families with children, secundum naturam. Other parents & reputable photographers please write: Marc & Linda, 5229 Grand, Downers, IL, 60515, USA.

**Naturist Social Meetings/House Parties** (Saturdays) for males/females, age 16-30. Overnight stays. Mixed meetings and male meetings. Send age, interests, photo, 3 x 12p stamps. — Box No. 1867.

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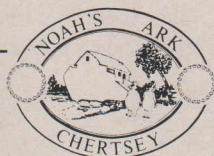
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Vol. 81, Issue Nos. 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10 & 11 £1.00 each.

Quarterlies: Spring No. 2, Winter No. 5, Autumn No. 8, £1.20 each.

## INTERNATIONAL NATURIST NEWS

### News from Greece

Jane Barry popped into the office to see us all last week. She's been staying for a week at the Salardi Beach Hotel in Greece. She tells us that nude bathing on the hotel's private beach is now officially sanctioned. (Hurray!) You can also go nude in part of the surrounding valley, also owned by the hotel, and on the hotel's games courts and in their swimming pool.

### Go on holiday with Your Club!

Freeway Holidays are offering special reductions for club members taking their holiday in a party. If your club fancies visiting an exclusive sea-side club in the south of France — get in touch with Freeway while their offer still stands!

### Swedish Naturist Magazine to go public

One of the decisions taken at the Annual General meeting of the Swedish Naturist Federation was that their magazine, Tillsammans, should be available for the general public to buy. The cost is 30 Swedish crowns a year, and if you wish to subscribe, send the money to Prenumeration pa Tillsammans, S.N.F., Box 4279, s-203 14 Malmö, Sweden.

The fees were put up to 28 Swedish crowns (about £3) because the Federation feel that

they must have more money if they are to work properly for their members. Among their plans for the future, is an exhibition which will travel round local libraries.

### Swimming in the Altogether

About 60 members of the Swiss Young Naturists competed in its third swimming championships at Adliswil baths in the canton of Zürich.

Rolf Vilim, the President of the Young Naturists, received visitors with a yellow banana — the symbol of the SYN.

Only members of the public who could truthfully claim that they had not smoked for six months were allowed in. Even journalists and photographers were asked to conform to the dress requirements: 'dress naked'.

World records were not at stake. 'Taking part in an event is more important than beating records, as far as our sportsmen are concerned', said President Rolf Vilim. The Swiss naturist movement has just celebrated its 20th anniversary. Its youngest member is still in nappies. The oldest of its members is 78.

The objectives of the movement are to be 'happy, healthy, natural, without tobacco, alcohol or meat'.





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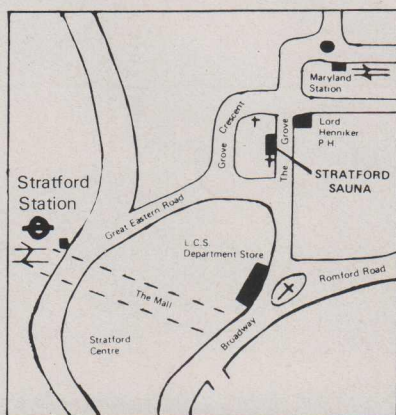
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